Vol. 42 No. 6

EARTH DAY ISSUE

Will the Sandinistas Give Up Power?—page 36

NATIONAL REVIEW

HOW TO

PROFIT

FROM THE COMING ENVIRONMENTAL CATASTROPHE

(just kidding)

Saving the Ele[illegible] GOP in Princeton

Sov[illegible]

Slouching [illegible]

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MAR 2 2

OUR FIRST SUBMARINE DID ONLY ONE REMARKABLE THING. IT CAME BACK UP.

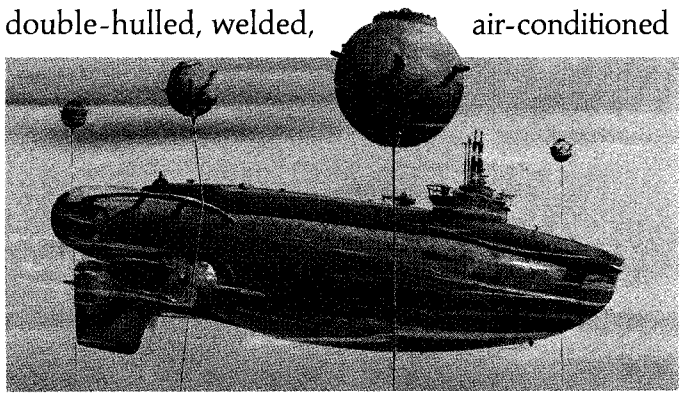
John Holland invented the first submarine accepted by the U.S. Navy. Amazed reports said, "She goes like a fish and dives better than one."

Squeezed into a crude, 14-foot craft, John P. Holland proved the basic principles of submarines in 1878. His poetically named "Boat No. 1" was hauled to the Passaic River by 16 stallions for testing. It stuck in the mud, it leaked, but it came back up.

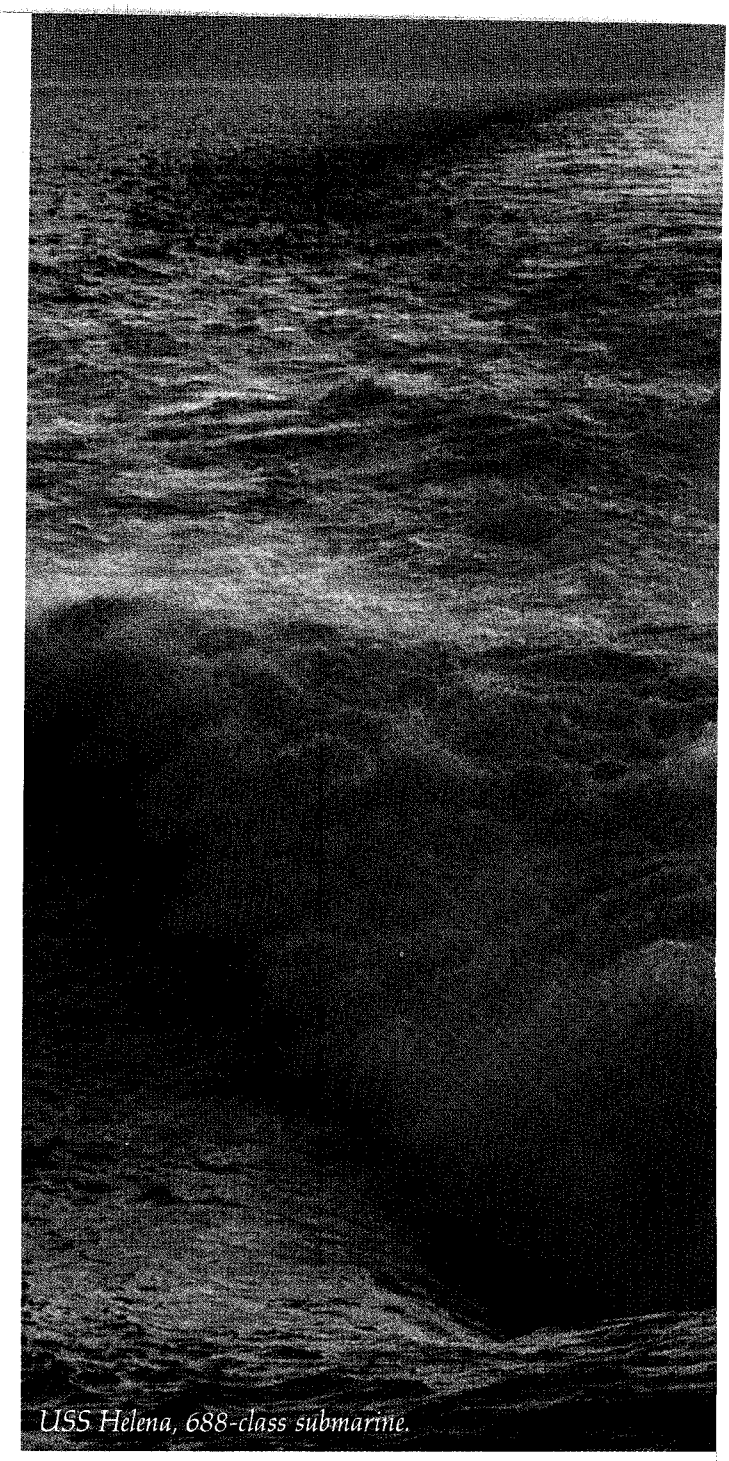
To us, the only thing more remarkable than the submarine itself was the courage of the submariner. Something that's still true today.

Holland got his Electric Boat Company, our earliest ancestor, off to a strong start in 1900, when the 74-ton submersible Holland became the U.S. Navy's first submarine. Showing his confidence in this new type vessel, President Theodore Roosevelt alarmed Secret Service bodyguards by taking an unscheduled dive aboard an A-class Plunger, August 26, 1905.

Running silent as well as deep became possible in 1933, when Electric Boat launched Cuttlefish, the first double-hulled, welded, air-conditioned submarine. She was the prototype for all World War II Navy fleet submarines.



All WWII fleet submarines were based on Cuttlefish, the first submarine to be welded, rather than riveted, and a technical milestone.



USS Helena, 688-class submarine.

But it was on January 17, 1955, that we introduced the most dramatic improvement in submarines since John Holland and Boat No. 1. It was Nautilus, the world's first atom-powered vessel. And in an astonishing adventure, she became the first submarine to sail under the North Pole.

Today, our Tridents, the world's most advanced submarines, routinely patrol for 70 days without surfacing. Longer than the Washington Monument is tall, they are so carefully made that they cruise in virtual silence.

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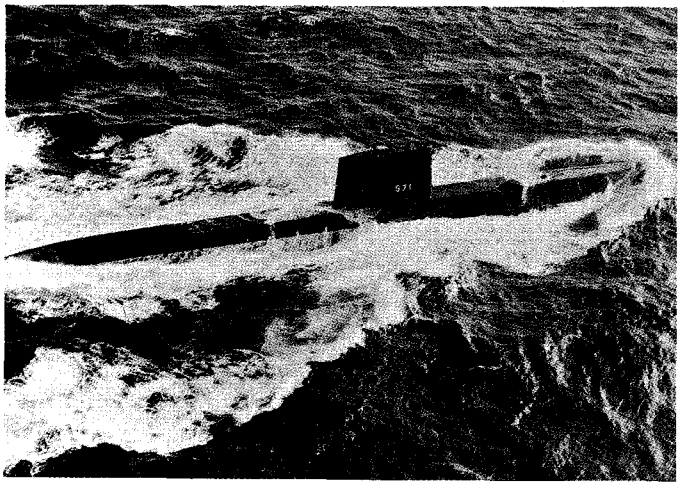

USS Nautilus was the first vessel to radio, "Underway on nuclear power." She then became the first to sail under the North Pole.

Yet innovations continue. Seawolf, a new class of submarine now under construction in our yards, will advance submarine science into the next century.

Seawolf re-proves two principles first proved by John Holland and Boat No. 1. That under deep water is found man's highest technology. And his highest courage.

Dedication to both has kept us improving American submarines for 90 years.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

A Strong Company For A Strong Country

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NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 1, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 6

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Not, reports **Ambrose Evans-Pritchard**, while they still have the Revolution, the mob, and the guns. Mrs. Chamorro, her coalition, and the Bush Administration haven't figured out that elections really express popular will. Not helping matters at all, notes **Jack Fowler**, is our old friend Jimmy Carter.

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46 **Russell Seitz** gives *Fire & Ice: The Greenhouse Effect, Ozone Depletion, and Nuclear Winter* a passing grade for its science, but wishes David E. Fisher had checked for leftist slanting in his sources. . . . In *The Fate of the Forest: Developers, Destroyers, and Defenders of the Amazon*, Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn expose the environmental misdeeds of Brazil's government, but **Robert Gordon** wonders why their solution is "socialist ecology:" . . . **William R. Hawkins** praises *Military Misfortunes*, Eliot A. Cohen and John Gooch's argument that disasters such as Pearl Harbor are the result neither of intelligence failure nor of poor leadership, but of dysfunctional military organization. . . . John Keegan does a nice job covering the basics—and adding his two cents to the great historical debates—with *The Second World War*, says **Spencer Warren**. . . . Henry Rosovsky's *The University: An Owner's Manual* is an amusing liberal critique of the infamous thing; as ye sow, so shall ye reap, remarks **George C. Roche III**. . . . **Martin Morse Wooster** finds William Hood's *Cry Spy* a refreshing change from the comic-book and morality-play schools of spy fiction. . . . **John Simon** deems *Camille Claudel* only a fair film, but a must see. . . . Is your baby late? **Nika Hazelton** recalls that a salami sandwich can turn the trick.

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Asia Series

In Bangkok, good things come in enormous packages.

There was a time in Thailand when pachyderms meant political power, and a white elephant was worth its weight in gold. While times have changed—elephants today are used to symbolize good luck instead of wealth—there are still a number of big surprises in store for the businessman in old Siam.

Mai pen rai.

Pronounced "my pen rye," this is translated as "it doesn't matter," and it conveys the Thai attitude toward business and life as well. It means it's best to avoid open conflicts and negotiate patiently —shouting will get you nowhere.

Shy Thais.

Thais seldom invite foreigners home—entertaining is done in restaurants. Use a private dining room at the Oriental Hotel (tel. 236-0400) for special occasions.

The how of the wai.

Instead of a handshake, try the Thai form of greeting, the *wai* (pronounced "why"). Bring your palms together, fingers up, and bow—it's most respectful.

Northwest notes.

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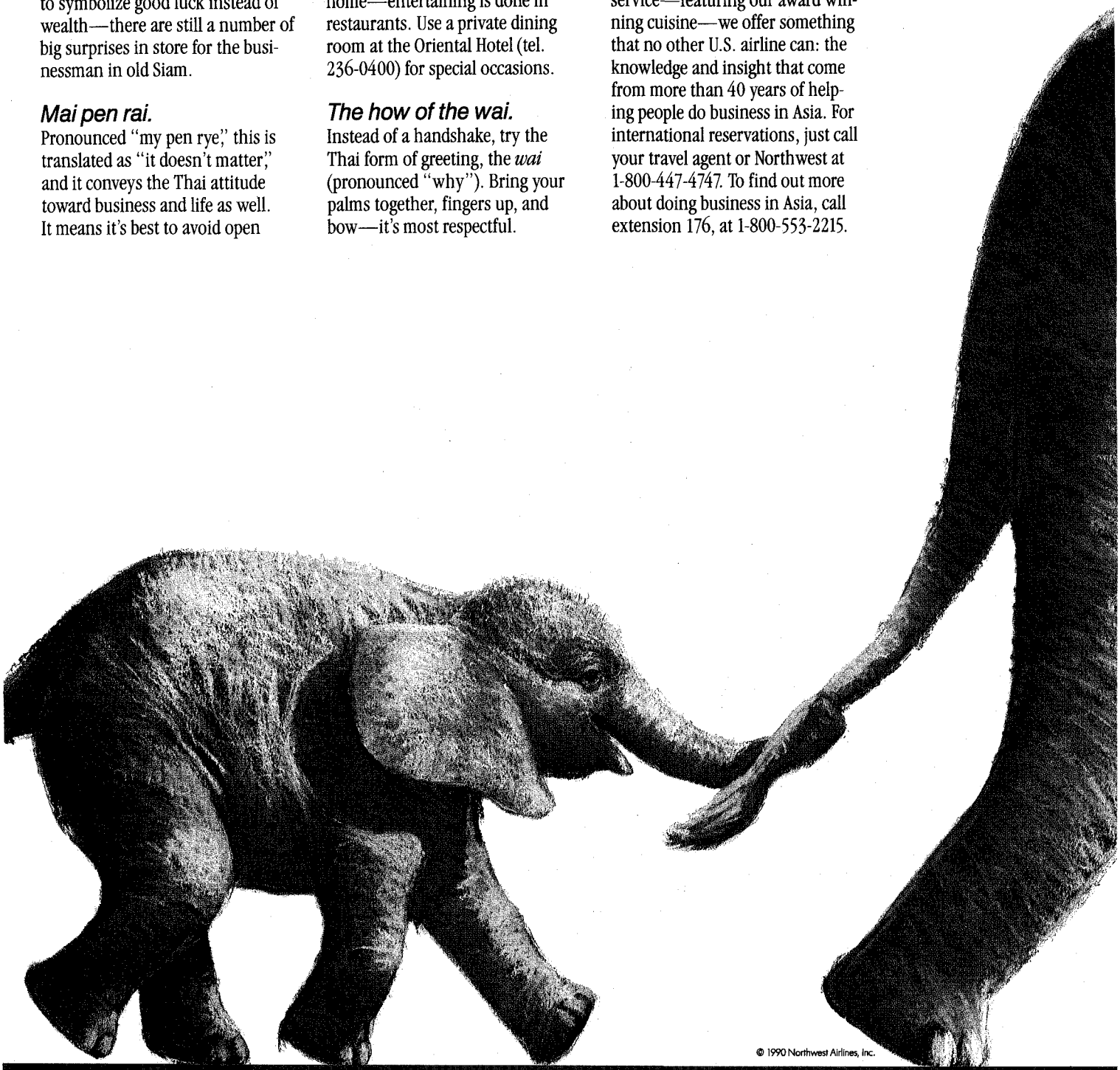

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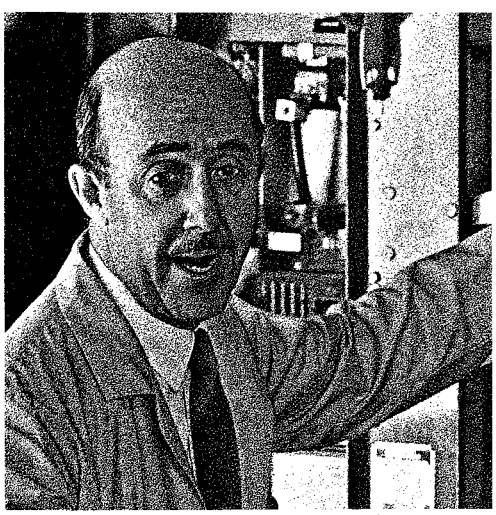

Bill Thomas helps prevent fires in places you and your family visit.

Bill heads up one of the most comprehensive state-of-the-art fire protection labs in the world—Kemper's. The unique lab serves as the training ground for thousands of fire safety engineers who advise national business and property owners on the best way to extinguish and prevent fires on their property.

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LETTERS

In the Cold

In his March 5 article ["The Heating-Oil Spike"], Peter Samuel missed one of the great ironies of the home-heating-oil price rise.

During December, when the sharply lower temperatures added to demand for electric power, the utilities in the New York/New England area were out of conventional capacity and had to turn to auxiliary electric generators run on diesel fuel. Their consumption of diesel fuel, the same material as home heating oil, was about two million barrels above forecast in December. During that month the stocks of heating oil and diesel fuel in New England and the central Atlantic states fell from 36 million barrels to 24 million barrels. Any added demand has a disproportionate effect on prices when supplies are tightening.

The reason that the power companies had to resort to more diesel fuel was that two nuclear-power plants in the area (Long Island and New England) could not operate because the same governors who don't like high oil prices don't like nuclear power. Perhaps their hearings on the causes of high prices will mention this, but don't bet on it.

Robert C. Baker
Darien, Conn.

To Protect the Guilty

John O'Sullivan's comments on the exclusionary rule ["From the Editor," Feb. 5] are well put but lack one important observation. In addition to the fact that the rule cannot plausibly serve the purpose for which it is purportedly intended (i.e., to deter police misconduct), it can protect only guilty defendants—it does not protect the innocent. In the case of an innocent defendant, even if the evidence improperly obtained were admitted, the defendant would almost certainly be found not guilty nevertheless. Thus, the only time the rule would have an effect on the outcome of a prosecution would be in cases where the defendant is guilty.

I am reminded of a case I read in law school. It seems that a defendant in Iowa was seen leaving a hotel carrying a rolled-up rug with two small feet sticking out of the end. The defendant was apprehended and led the police to the body of a little girl. The body was excluded from evidence, however, because the police had failed to read the defendant his Miranda rights. Without the body, there could be no proof that he committed the murder, so he walked.

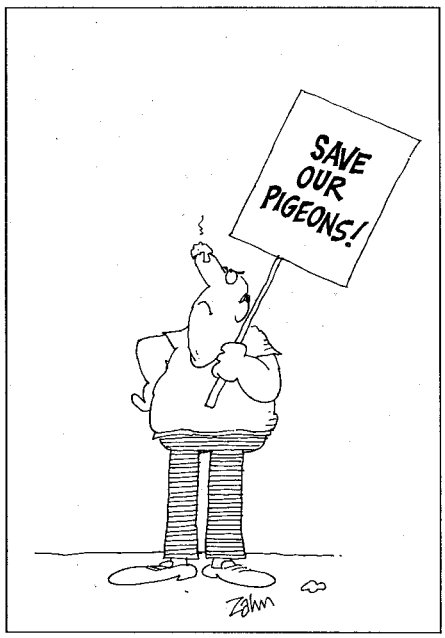
Many people who kill children are repetitive killers. It should shock us that the court would countenance a rule that permits such people to go free. Any number of other alternatives might better serve the legitimate cause of controlling police misconduct, but the exclusionary rule should be discarded.

Scott D. Hillstrom
Minneapolis, Minn.

Cuomo Emulates Dukakis

A recent item compared Governor Cuomo's fiscal record with that of Governor Dukakis ["The Week," Feb. 5]. NATIONAL REVIEW is being unfair to Mr. Dukakis. He recently proposed a state budget that would *decrease* spending by 1.6 per cent. Governor Cuomo recently proposed a state budget that would *increase* spending by 9.3 per cent.

Governor Dukakis noted in his budget that "the state can no longer afford to spend above inflation or above its revenues, which is what got us in trouble in the first place." Mr. Cuomo appears willing to repeat Massachusetts's mistakes before he comes to the same realization [see "Right Data," p. 16].



Bob Zahn

Joseph L. Bruno
New York State Senator
Albany, N.Y.

The Value of Children

I was extremely pleased to read Gary Bauer's proposal to use any "peace dividend" that might be forthcoming to increase the personal exemption ["On the Record," March 5]. For those of us who are concerned about the welfare of the family, his proposal is long overdue.

When the modern tax code was developed, the personal exemption was intended to reflect the cost of an individual's sustenance. As Mr. Bauer points out, however, this concept has fallen by the wayside, as inflation has been allowed to erode the exemption's purchasing value. Does anyone really believe you can raise a child today for $2,000?

I recently introduced a bill, the American Family Reinvestment Act of 1990, which would increase the personal exemption from its current value to $4,000 for each family member. When enacted, this legislation will empower families to choose the form of child care, heath care, or even retirement investments that best suits their needs.

For years, the American taxpayers have unselfishly supported the efforts of our military in the difficult task of defending our nation. Should the day come when defense cuts are possible without endangering our security, the savings should be used to strengthen our families, not the bureaucracy in Washington.

Jack Buechner
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

The AIDS Conspiracy

The theory that the World Health Organization's smallpox vaccination program in Africa is responsible for the AIDS epidemic ["The Week," Feb. 5] is neither "pitiable" nor "vile." Reports in the London *Times* of May 11, May 12, and May 20, 1987, describe the study by the World Health Organization of evidence that "The AIDS epidemic may have been triggered by the mass vaccination campaign which eradicated smallpox" and the concern that "an ambitious global vaccination program, aimed at saving 3.5 million lives a year," may be in "danger of adding to the spread of AIDS." Contaminated medical needles (disposable needles have been unavailable in Africa, as in the Soviet Union) have been deemed a major route of rapid AIDS transmission in Africa.

Malevolent injury to blacks by West-

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ern medical and public-health authorities is not exactly unprecedented. For example, in 1972, there were "revealed experiments [conducted by the United States Public Health Service] in which a group of Southern black men with syphilis were [*sic*] left untreated for more than 25 years after successful therapy for the disease was discovered, in order that long-term effects of the disease could better be studied" (see *Human Subjects in Medical Experimentation*, by Bradford H. Gray; Wiley, 1975). Longer accounts are in *Bad Blood: The Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment*, by James H. Jones (Free Press, 1981) and in the *Final Report of the Tuskegee Syphilis Study Ad Hoc Advisory Panel* (Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, 1973). Not only was no treatment for the disease provided (even after the discovery of antibiotic therapy), but "efforts were made to prevent them from obtaining treatment for syphilis from other sources" (see *Human Subjects Research: A Handbook for Institutional Review Boards*, by Robert A. Greenwald et al.; Plenum, 1982).

As for "ignorance": it was President Reagan's science advisor, William R. Graham, who showed surprising ignorance as he dismissed as "intellectual nonsense" charges of such villainy and said, "We wholly reject this type of accusation. No reputed scientist would do that." Not only do many publicly known, well-documented, and undisputed examples exist but, as the above instance shows, some of them occurred under U.S. Government sponsorship.

Satish Chandra
Cambridge, Mass.

The Times *of London ran stories in 1987 speculating that a World Health Organization vaccination program might have helped spread AIDS (its source was an anonymous WHO advisor). The most common form of the conspiracy theory supposedly based on the* Times *article alleges that WHO used a contaminated vaccine in Zaire, which ignores the following facts: AIDS first appeared in Zaire in 1959, long before the WHO vaccination program; the identical vaccines administered in Nigeria, Ghana, and Sierra Leone caused no comparable incidence of AIDS; WHO workers in Africa got the same vaccine as Africans. The focus of Mr. Chandra's story has now shifted to contaminated needles, which is the way of all conspiracy stories: when in doubt, change them. He is welcome to it.*
—ED.

All the Wrong Colors

You mentioned a Cornell professor, Martin Bernal, whom you described as "a black government professor and author of *Black Athena*" ["The Week," March 5]. I took a course in the life of Mao Tse-tung from Professor Bernal as a freshman in the spring of 1983. Martin Bernal, whose expertise I had been led to believe was China, worshipped Mao and considered Edgar Snow's *Red Star over China* to be an objective work. He called Mao, according to my notes, "the greatest leader of any people in human history," ranking this murderer of tens of millions ahead of Moses, Christ, and Mohammed. I tell you this to further expose Bernal's appreciation of reality. (He also claimed that "only a few hundred thousand expendable intellectuals were killed in the Cultural Revolution.") So I do not find it hard to believe that Bernal would be grasping at the straws you mentioned in your piece, even if the subject seems out of his field.

The only problem with your coverage of his book is that Martin Bernal is a pasty-faced Englishman and is no shade anywhere near black.

Matthew John M. Krane
Derry, N.H.

Living by Other Rules

Don Feder's brilliant essay "Into the House of Bondage" [March 5] was an exceptional piece of insightful analysis of the trouble with liberation theology. I was intrigued with the incorporation of the Catholic Marxist with the Jewish utopian because until now, unfortunately for the Church, liberation theology has always been identified with certain Catholic theologians and activist priests.

In all my reading on the movement within and without the Church I have never seen any writer make the observation that had God wanted us to be good little Marxists, he would not have given us two of the Commandments, or mitzvahs: Do not steal; and, Do not covet thy neighbor's goods. To me these commandments imply private property as a good willed by God.

Pauly Fongemie
Winthrop, Me.

Fallacy on the Fourth

I was struck by the positive review John Simon gave the movie *Born on the Fourth of July* [Feb. 5], to such an extent that I made my own small contribution to the royalties of the loathsome Oliver Stone.

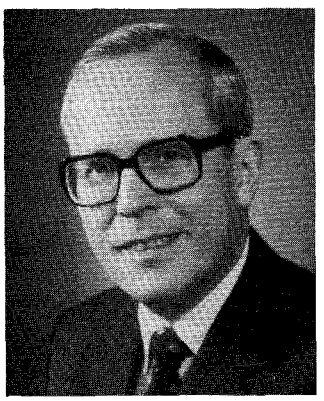
In fact, I found that *Born on the Fourth of July* is in the same genre as many propaganda films. Emotional scene follows emotional scene in rapid and choppy succession so that the viewer is confused and overwhelmed. Eventually one loses track of any sense of story, and in a desperate struggle for security begins nodding approval, blindly, at the message on the big screen. It is only reflectively that one contemplates the significance.

Particularly shocking is the way the movie exploited the disabled. Kovic deals with his injury in a selfish and spiteful manner. He becomes a burden to his family, and rejects any notion of returning to the normality of life in Long Island. Disabled people in this country struggle each and every day, heroically, proud of what they are able to accomplish and contribute. Kovic drinks himself into a rage, and heads for a hedonist utopia in Mexico.

Was it an accident that this movie lacked any significant development? No. The reality is that the public has been duped by Ron Kovic and Oliver Stone. The only reality presented in the story is Mr. Kovic's injury, and by exploiting this they use the film to generate animosity toward the "establishment," and to propagate a radically liberal agenda. About this being "a film you cannot afford to pass by": not quite, Mr. Simon.

Eric Shaw
San Francisco, Calif.

Accompany Bill Rusher on a unique fact-finding tour of South Africa



This May, Mr Rusher, until recently publisher of National Review, will lead a two week tour to South Africa. He will share with others his expertise and introduce them to key contacts built up during seven top-level visits to that vital country.

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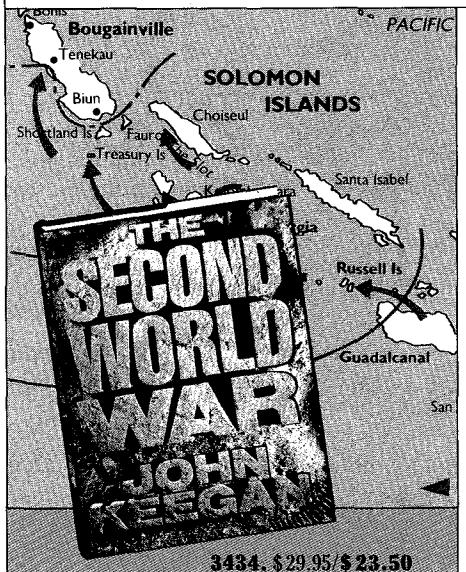

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Editors' Recommendation

"Starved of reinforcements and supplies, the Japanese garrison of Guadalcanal now began to falter. The island was plagued by leeches, tropical wasps and malarial mosquitoes, and as rations dwindled the Japanese troops fell prey to disease. The Americans too became ill—pilots at Henderson Field lasted only thirty days before losing the quickness of hand and eye necessary to do battle—but the tide of battle was now running their way. In January 1943 the Japanese commander on Guadalcanal withdrew his headquarters to the neighboring island of Bougainville. In early February the "Tokyo Express" began to operate in reverse, evacuating the sickly and exhausted defenders to New Guinea. By 9 February Japanese resistance on Guadalcanal had formally ceased." —From The Second World War

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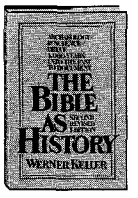

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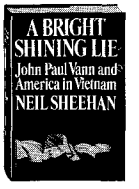

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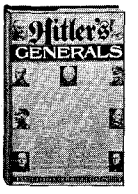

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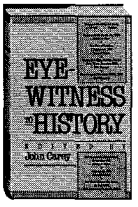

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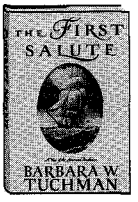

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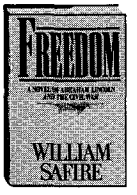

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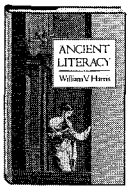

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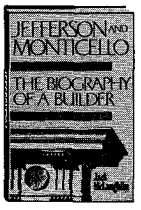

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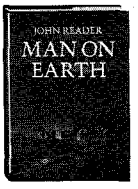

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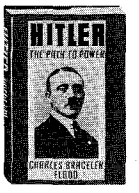

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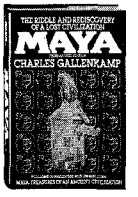

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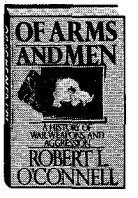

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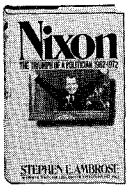

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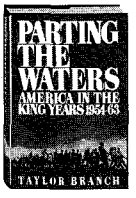

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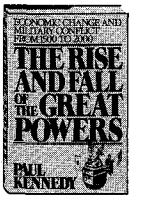

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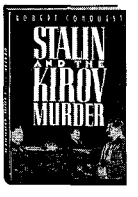

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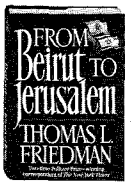

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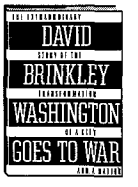

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FROM THE EDITOR

Criminals and Other Liberals

■ I promised last time that you would be in the safe hands of the London *Spectator*'s editor, Mr. Charles Moore, for the next two issues. Alas, family circumstances have compelled Mr. Moore to cancel our transfer, with the result that I am editing as usual. There will, however, be no refunds.

■ In a recent case in New York (where else?), a mugger who with an accomplice beat and choked an elderly man in the subway, was disturbed in the course of his crime by a policeman, and was then shot either fleeing (as he claims) or in the course of a struggle (as the policeman alleges) has just been awarded $4.3 million in damages from the transit authority for his injuries. He is now a paraplegic who must use a wheelchair.

The case, which is on appeal, seems to rest on a clash of testimony between a policeman and a criminal. In such cases, the court should give the benefit of the doubt to the police. This is not to assert that they are invariably truthful, merely that they are more likely to be truthful than criminals.

For the sake of argument, however, let us accept the mugger's version of events. That would still not justify the award of damages. If the policeman had shot him as he fled, that would certainly qualify as needless or excessive force. Depending on the severity of the offense, he should be either dismissed, or moved to a desk job, or in an extreme case legally prosecuted.

And there the matter should end. Because the policeman has behaved wrongly, it does not follow that the mugger has been unjustly served. Once someone embarks on a criminal enterprise, he leaves civil society and enters the state of nature where life is nasty, brutish, and short. He thereby loses all claim upon our protection and becomes, quite literally, an outlaw.

For a mugger, being killed or injured by the police in the course of a crime is not an infringement of his civil rights since he has none; it is an occupational hazard like housemaid's knee. Only upon his capture and arrest does the criminal re-enter civil society—an event symbolized ironically when his "rights" are read to him.

To be confined for life to a wheelchair is a terrible fate, but for that reason it is also a terrible warning to others. The courts should not act, as the New York court did, to reduce the risks of crime or to compensate criminals for those risks.

Indeed, the $4.3-million award goes beyond mere risk reduction; it is an actual incentive to crime. Some potential mugger, hearing of it, may well calculate that a lesser injury leading to a $1.5-million award is an even better outcome than successfully stealing $60 off an old lady.

What had been a simple deterrent thus becomes a spectrum running from deterrent to incentive depending on the severity of the injury and the amount of the subsequent damages. That in turn increases the likelihood that criminals will resist arrest since the two least profitable outcomes are simple capture and simple escape.

Truly, the principal obstacle to law and order today is the courts.

■ I always welcome the birth of a new magazine, even one for which I can never aspire to write, such as *American Prospect*, which has been established "to bring liberal ideas to the top of the national agenda."

Its editorial chairman, Harvard economist Robert B. Reich, seems to have the necessary optimism for this task, having been successively advisor *cum* guru to presidential hopefuls Walter Mondale, Gary Hart, and Michael Dukakis.

He will need it, for he faces an American prospect which no conservative editor need worry about. He is about to be inundated with articles from the innumerable talentless mediocrities who infest academia and who have *lots* of time on their hands.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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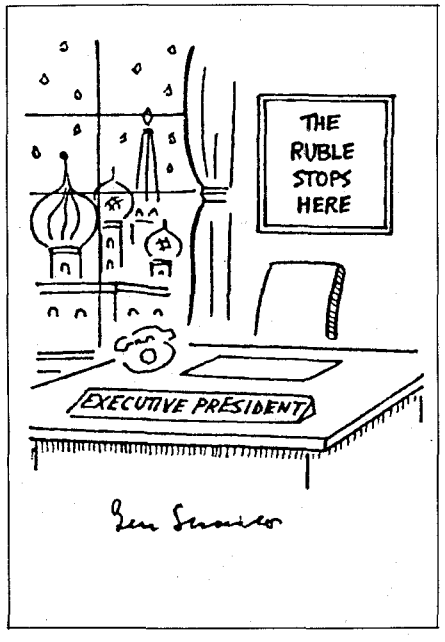
ON THE RECORD

■ Conservative Republicans in Massachusetts are jubilant over last week's convention, which endorsed the rightmost candidates for governor, lieutenant governor, and senator. State legislator **Steven Pierce** got 52.6 per cent of the vote for gubernatorial nomination, against 36.3 per cent for former Justice Department aide **William Weld**. By topping Weld by more than 15 points, Pierce gets what is called a "super majority," which means that GOP chairman **Ray Shamie** and the state committee will throw their resources into Pierce's campaign. However, Weld, who got more than statutory 15 per cent of the vote, will fight it out in September primary, and will try to pin a wacko-extremist label on Pierce for his pro-life stance. **Peter Torkildsen**, running for lieutenant governor, beat his relatively conservative but pro-choice opponent, **Paul Cellucci**, 61 to 31 per cent. In senatorial fight, it was businessman **Dan Daly** over **James Rappaport**. Daly, a Vietnam veteran, who is pro-life, will take on Sen. **John Kerry**, also a Vietnam vet. Exuberant GOP executive director **Sandy Tennant** compares what may be happening to one-party Massachusetts to "what happened in Eastern Europe and Nicaragua." Massachusetts Democratic convention is in June. . . . **Lowell Weicker**, who plans to run as an independent against Democratic Gov. **William O'Neill** of Connecticut, reportedly is signing up former Bush media man **Roger Ailes**. . . . According to **Stuart Rothenberg**'s *The Political Report*, it took calls from **Ronald Reagan**, **George Bush**, **Dan Quayle**, and **Robert Dole** to persuade Montana Lt. Gov. **Allen Kolstad** to run against Democratic Sen. **Max Baucus** in the fall. Baucus, with career 8 per cent ACU rating, can be beaten, thinks Republican National Committee. . . . Disabled Vietnam vet **Ron Kovic** (protagonist of *Born on the Fourth of July*) went all the way to filing date before opting not to run against conservative Rep. **Robert K. Dornan** (R., Calif.). Democrats have chosen **Barbara Jackson**, a Planned Parenthood exec, in his place.

■ Hard Left was mad enough to spit over results of Nicaraguan election, and did. *Nation* columnist **Alexander Cockburn** saw results as "a victory for violence, and the lesson was that violence pays." . . . Said **Lawrence Birns** of Council of Hemispheric Affairs: "I am filled with an inner rage that the corner bully won over the little guy." . . . **Angela Sanbranno**, executive secretary of CISPES, was "outraged" that U.S. pursued a policy that "did not allow the Nicaraguan people a chance to consolidate their democratic revolution." . . . **Mary Purcell**, spokesman for Nicaragua Network, felt the elections "have taught us very serious lessons about the price that a revolutionary and heroic people are [*sic*] forced to pay when they stand up to the United States." . . . The radical *Guardian* urged the troops to get back into the trenches. "As the shock of the Sandinistas' electoral defeat wears off," it editorialized, "it is time to turn pain into strength." Onward to El Salvador!



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■ Domino effect of Soviet collapse continues worldwide. In Near East, Soviet diplomats have told Syrian President **Hafez Assad** the USSR will no longer support his demands for "strategic parity" with Israel, which is to say, will cut down on arms shipments. "Israel was the first beneficiary, among all nations of the world, of the international changes that have taken place," said President Assad bitterly; he vowed to continue hostilities "bearing in mind that the time is long and our holy war should be as long as time is." . . . Paramilitary camps in East Germany and Czechoslovakia where estimated five to six thousand international terrorists—**Baader-Meinhof**, Red Brigades, IRA, Libyan, Palestinian, **Abu Nidal**, you name it—were trained in past decades have been shut down. . . . In Africa, Ethiopia's Col. **Mengistu** has called for a scrapping of his Soviet-style statist economy and return to some measure of free enterprise and private property. . . . In Geneva, where Human Rights Commission convenes annually to check compliance with UN human-rights declaration, **Czechoslovakia** and **Poland** this year co-sponsored a resolution calling for investigation of human-rights violations in **Cuba**; and **Hungary** and **Bulgaria** joined Western powers in resolution—which failed to pass—condemning human-rights violations in China.

■ **Radio America** celebrated its fifth anniversary recently at gala attended by **Jack Kemp**, **Eugene Pell** (Radio Free Europe), Sen. **Bill Armstrong**, and others. Among its shows: *North America Agenda*, half-hour weekly discussion of key news stories, **Pat Korten**, moderator; *Policy Forum*, an hour weekly, featuring Heritage Foundation, American Enterprise Institute associates; and *Profile*, half-hour interview program weekly featuring among others **Robert Bork**, **Jeane Kirkpatrick**, and **William Bennett**, hosted by Radio America president **Jim Roberts**.

■ Guess who's the absolute rage among Soviet economists these days. According to Prof. **Yuri Maltsev** (of Moscow's University of Marxism–Leninism, until he defected a year ago), it's not **Paul Samuelson**, not **John Kenneth Galbraith**—but **Ludwig von Mises.**

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THE WEEK

■ "Not many people any longer believe in hell," observes Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and if there's a more succinct explanation of what goes on on Capitol Hill we've yet to hear it.

■ *"Hello."*
"Hello."
"Is this Rafsanjani?"
"Yes."
"I'd like to talk about the hostages."
"I don't know much about hostages—this is Henry Rafsanjani, in Cleveland. But I could tell you about some of our new insurance policies."
Click.

■ When the Senate Majority Leader and Senate Minority Leader agree that a campaign-reform package put together by a bipartisan panel is a "breakthrough," the voters are in trouble. That happened before the Senate recess, when Republicans compromised by agreeing to—or at least not opposing—something called "flexible spending limits," i.e., limits on out-of-state and PAC contributions to political campaigns. Fortunately, the issue is by no means settled, but if this compromise is any indication, Congress is off and running in the wrong direction. The problem is not the *amount* of money in campaigns, but the fact that it is mostly hidden money: franking privileges, "soft" money (mostly from unions) that falls between the cracks of finance restrictions, and the war chests congressmen build up by rolling over money from previous campaigns. All of which helps explain the 98.5 per cent re-election rates for House incumbents. If a campaign package is *not* greeted with howls of outrage from Capitol Hill, that means these protections have been left intact.

■ Liberals had hoped the Pepper Commission on comprehensive health care would be a Trojan horse for sweeping new federal health-care programs. But after its March 2 report, the panel looks about as threatening as a beached whale. Its main recommendations, which owe much to panel member Edward Kennedy, are to force larger firms to provide health coverage for workers' families, and for the government itself to provide subsidized coverage for other households. The coverage provided by private firms would be nothing more than a huge hidden tax, in the form of higher prices or lower wages. The government coverage would mean an explicit tax, and so constitute a giant step toward national health insurance. Yet the report's recommendations do nothing about the crushing financial blow of a long spell in a nursing home. Instead, the report opts for a new middle-class entitlement program, which would pay for the first three months in a home. Anyone staying longer, the panel implies, should just try to grow old and bankrupt with dignity. The real way to help Americans without health insurance is to reform the tax code, so that the uninsured office cleaner gets a generous tax break for buying insurance—this to be paid for by curbing the unlimited write-off for company plans. Such a simple, inexpensive solution may now get a hearing in Washington.

■ *"Hello, Rafsanjani? I'd like to talk about the hostage thing."*
"Sure, Mr. President. We're not releasing them till the cops get off campus."
"Wait a minute. You're not that Henry Rafsanjani clown from Cleveland, are you?"
"No, this is Rupert Rafsanjani. I'm the head of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Caucus at Fresno State. We're on hunger strike until Nelson Mandela is released. Our 16 non-negotiable demands are . . ."
Click.

■ Mario Cuomo may still wow the national press corps, but there are signs that his presidential hopes are suffering in other quarters. He's getting a reputation in his own state for feuding petulantly with people he has to deal with. Frederic Dicker of the *New York Post* reports that he's so miffed with the state's chief judge, Sol Wachtler, that he won't even return his phone calls. "Cuomo's behavior is bizarre," says one court official. "He would go berserk if you said it, but, aside from his rhetoric, Cuomo doesn't show any respect for the judiciary's role as an independent

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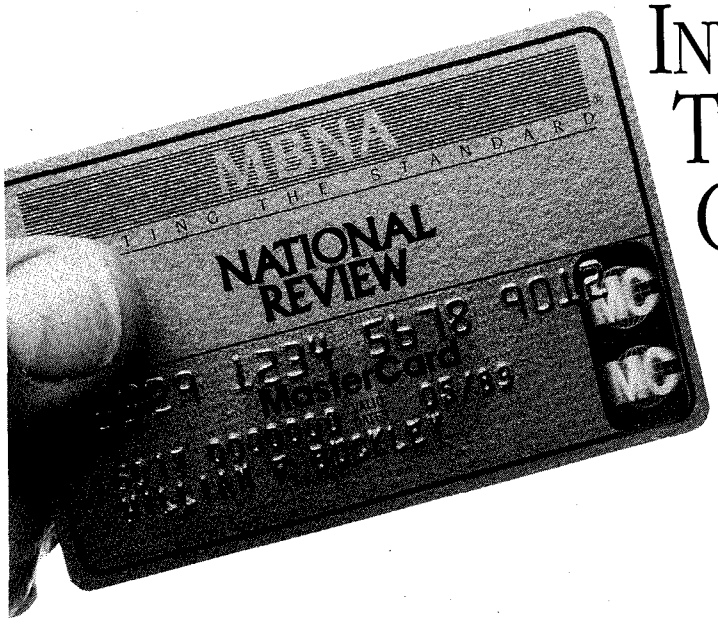

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branch . . . Cuomo is trying to treat us like we're just another one of his agencies." Meanwhile, Virginia's Governor Douglas Wilder has told the *Washington Post* that Cuomo is the sort of big spender who has gotten the Democratic Party into trouble with the voters: he just borrows money and deepens the debt.

■ George McGovern has become a Connecticut hotelier—we're serious—and the experience has been a real eye-opener. "I wish I'd done this before I'd run for president," he told the *Washington Post*. The payroll, the mortgage, the tax bill—"It gives you a whole new perspective on what other people worry about." Opening soon: Miracle Mike's E-Z Laundromat.

■ *"Mr. President, this is Rafsanjani."*

"Listen, fella. I've already talked to two Rafsanjanis this afternoon, and I have a tennis date."

"But Mr. President, I'm calling from a camel-stop near Teheran. I think we can do something about the hostages."

"Come clean. This is Art Buchwald, isn't it?"

"Mr. President, I don't understand . . ."

Click.

■ In its zeal to persecute Marion Barry, the black mayor of Washington, D.C., the nation's white racist press has overlooked the chance to persecute Coleman Young, the black mayor of Detroit. It now transpires that Mayor Young has been doing a profitable little business on the side buying and selling white racist Krugerrands. We understand perfectly, but how's he going to explain it to Nelson Mandela?

■ Meanwhile, Barry is jockeying for position in this year's mayoral election. First, he was charged with misdemeanor drug possession. In response, challenger Walter Fauntroy, the District's non-voting delegate to Congress, announced that he would withhold his federal tax payments until D.C. becomes a state—a potential felony. Advantage, Fauntroy. Then a grand jury indicted Barry for perjury, and Fauntroy backed off his unique no-new-taxes pledge. Barry took a strong lead but it's still a horse race, with Justice Department investigations under way against Fauntroy (for allegedly paying a no-show employee) and Barry (for an assortment of alleged corruptions). Stay tuned.

■ *I met a traveler from an antique land who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone stand in the desert.* The Supreme Soviet of Lithuania voted, 124 to 0, to restore "the sovereign powers of the Lithuanian state . . . annulled by an alien power in 1940." *Near them on the sand, half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown and wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command tell that its sculptor well those passions read which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things, the hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed.* The Supreme Soviet of Georgia voted to "denounce . . . the occupation and annexation of Georgia by Soviet Russia" and to "start talks on the restoration of an independent state of Georgia." *And on the pedestal these words appear: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"* The Soviet Union agreed to withdraw all troops from Hungary and Czechoslovakia by June 30, 1991, and the pullout from Czechoslovakia has already begun. *Nothing beside remains. Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, the lone and level sands stretch far away.*

■ When Secretary of State James Baker indicated that the status of East Jerusalem was up for negotiation and that an Arab representative from East Jerusalem should sit at the bargaining table, he added the final straw that brought down Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's National Unity government. Israel's last two governments have sought to rule without a clear mandate from the people, and in the circumstances any bold new initiative—such as a negotiated settlement of Arab claims on the West Bank—was virtually certain to bring the government down, as it now has. The domestic thrust of Israeli politics is to the right, not the left. What the Likud must do in seeking a new mandate is to clarify its own position on the settlement talks and minimize the influence of Ariel Sharon—intransigence personified—in the party. Otherwise Likud will abandon the field to a Labor Party whose socialist domestic policies are out of whack with the sensibilities of the flood of new immigrants from the Soviet Union who are fleeing socialism.

■ The Soviet empire is dissolving at a satisfying pace, but the fat lady hasn't quite sung yet. The Communist regime in Angola, with plenty of Soviet and Cuban assistance, is close to wiping out the UNITA forces of Jonas Savimbi. Under the Namibian accords of 1988, notes *Human Events*, Savimbi's outside aid, mostly from South Africa, has been cut off, while the

Mr. Bush Looks Green

In the tippy rowboat where
  Bush and Baker sit,
Holding hands with Gorbachev
  As the whitecaps hit,
Lithuanians begin
  Rocking to and fro,
Making sea life difficult
  As they try to row.

W. H. VON DREELE

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MPLA is still getting troops from Havana and weaponry from Moscow. The weapons seem to include lethal chemical bombs. Fidel Castro has found a pretext for suspending the scheduled withdrawal of his 19,000 soldiers. May they still be in Africa when he needs them at home. Meanwhile, the United States should send aid to Savimbi and pressure our pal Gorbachev to back off.

■ The hit film *Born on the Fourth of July*, it turns out, is a pack of lies, now exposed by Diana West in the *Washington Times*. Ron Kovic was indeed a Marine, who served honorably in Vietnam, re-enlisted, and was badly wounded. That's about the end of truth in the movie, as Miss West learns from Kovic's own autobiography. Kovic's commander, for example, did not icily dismiss Kovic's fear that he might have killed a fellow Marine; the commander investigated, and concluded that he had not. Kovic did not visit the family of the dead Marine. He was not clubbed by police during a demonstration at Syracuse University; there was no clubbing during the demonstration, and Kovic was not in Syracuse anyway. Kovic *did* crash the 1972 Republican convention in Miami, but he was not clubbed and no one spat on him. He was politely wheeled out the door. And on it goes, episode after episode. Oliver Stone's movie is a brilliant fraud, and richly deserves the Costa Gavras Award. But why has Kovic put up with the imposture?

■ Rock music has been flirting with the perverse and professing sympathy for the devil for two decades now, and drugs and sex have become both part of the scene and themes of the songs. Nevertheless, rockers still get outraged when anyone expresses alarm. So when New York's Cardinal O'Connor suggested that "some music is a help to the devil"—citing Ozzy Osbourne's "Suicide Solution," which apparently did help inspire one teenager to kill himself—Osbourne fired off a telegram calling O'Connor "ignorant about the meaning of my songs" and accusing him of having "insulted the intelligence of rock fans all over the world." Sure, like you have to belong to Mensa to dig Ozzy. He used to belong to the group Black Sabbath; one of his albums is called *Speak of the Devil*; and he's best known for biting the head off a live bat during a concert. Leave it to O'Connor to twist these things into something weird.

■ ISAAC NEWTON, CALL YOUR OFFICE "Big Astronomical 'Discovery' Turns Out to Be Interference Signal from Television."

■ It's bad enough being crazy, but now they don't even want to let you smoke. New York City's biggest loony bin, Kings County Hospital Center, has banned all smoking, to the distress of many patients, some of whom have been involuntarily committed. For lots of smokers, cigarettes offer a break from the unspeakable boredom of confinement and even help counter the side effects of medication. When, oh when, will society begin locking up the health nuts?

■ HYSTERIA WATCH. As we go to press, you have six minutes to live. That's the good news. The *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has set its doomsday clock *back*, thanks to *glasnost* and stuff. Make the best of these precious moments. Back in 1951, you only had *three* minutes to live.

Throw the Rascals Out

IN THE WAKE of Violeta Chamorro's spectacular victory in Nicaragua [see "Will the Sandinistas Give Up Power?" p. 36] a problem has arisen. It seems that the Sandinistas, with perhaps 95,000 men under arms, do not wish to cede power. And it seems that the United States is in no mood to pressure them into doing so.

The Bush Administration's obvious readiness in the weeks before the election to accept a Sandinista victory, despite the manifest corruption of the campaign, helped to lull the Sandinistas into overconfidence. Now, the Administration must drop its diffidence, or all can still be lost. Mrs. Chamorro's victory can disintegrate into an endless squabble between her coalition and the better organized, ruthless Sandinista Front, which controls the police and the military leadership. She can come to resemble Mrs. Aquino rather more than Mrs. Thatcher.

Thus far, the Administration—with the honorable exception of Vice President Quayle—has allowed President Carter's nonsense about Sandinista acceptance of democracy and his pathological hatred of the Contras to go uncontradicted. State Department officials are quoted "on background" dumping on the Contras and calling them, as Carter does, the true obstacle to democracy in Nicaragua.

The facts are otherwise. The resistance fighters remain ready to go home, but only with guarantees as to their safety. Can anyone seriously challenge their refusal to disarm while the Ortegas are swearing they'll retain control of the army and police? Can anyone doubt that the existence of the Contras constitutes a useful asset for Mrs. Chamorro now, as it did during the campaign? Even the *Washington Post* now admits the Contras were indeed popular, while the people of Nicaragua feared Sandinista repression. Why then disarm the popular force until the Communists abide by the election result?

It is time for President Bush to acknowledge publicly that the Reagan policy in Nicaragua, which he strongly supported for eight years, has worked; that Nicaraguans, and we, owe a great debt to the Con-

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tras for their sacrifices over the years, and that the United States will have no part in traducing them now. The silence from Washington on these points is deafening. Moreover, it is time for us to back Mrs. Chamorro and her advisors to the hilt—if need be, to stiffen their spines—in their negotiations with the Sandinistas. Mrs. Chamorro must demand that they get out, retain no share in power, and give up control of all the security forces on inauguration day.

The Left is fond of saying that elections alone do not create democracy. True enough: They must not only be held, but be respected. The only threat to liberty in Nicaragua, today as for the last decade, comes from the Sandinistas, and the Administration ought to be landing on them like a ton of bricks—in what we do and in what we say publicly, as well as in diplomatic discussions. The President is weeks away from a magnificent achievement in Nicaragua, if he will only insist on having it. —ELLIOTT ABRAMS

The Leadership Thing

POOR DICK GEPHARDT. When he attacked George Bush's Eastern European non-policy—"the President isn't leading . . . He is not helping [the American people] understand the new world we live in"—he was only echoing what every think-tanker and thumb-sucker has been saying for months. Then he spoiled it all by offering some leadership of his own: direct aid to the Soviet Union, a proposal that was greeted with bipartisan hoots.

It's good to see Gephardt, whose only previous foreign-policy inspiration was bashing South Korean automobiles, fan in his first major-league at-bat. But the question he raises is real. The new world we live in needs a quick and unacrimonious settlement of its unresolved territorial questions and a commitment to free trade, indeed a Free World Free Trade Area, light on bureaucrats, from Poland to Palo Alto, if possible. American leadership on these questions would be welcome, and we haven't gotten any so far.

But the kind of leadership most people who use the word have in mind is economic and political dirigisme. The policy nerds of Washington would like nothing better than to micromanage the emergence of the new world order. The people who best understand the perils of that kind of leadership, interestingly, are some of the new faces in Eastern Europe, such as Czech Finance Minister Vaclav Klaus, who has said, echoing Mises, that prosperity is the result of "human action, not human design."

To its credit, the Bush Administration hasn't been offering much in the way of bad leadership, so we'll give it two cheers. Mr. Bush's free-trade, free-market philosophy is the ideal map for this brave new world. It is a pity he seems so inclined to stay at home.

One-Two Polka

HELMUT KOHL'S shilly-shallying on the question of the Polish border has been treated in America as sheer stupidity (the majority opinion) or political venality (the minority opinion). But his situation is more complicated than that. Kohl has now accepted a proposal for the two German parliaments to adopt an identical resolution endorsing the present border, but he had previously taken the legalistic position that the borders could be guaranteed only by a united Germany. Since there is a small but significant number of West Germans who came originally from Silesia and East Prussia (places which are now Polish), Kohl feared that any pre-emptive statements about the border would simply drive these voters to the Republicans, the unsavory party of the far Right.

Poland's nervousness, while understandable, is also overdone. There has even been talk that a united Germany would owe Poland reparations. The reparations psychology speaks ill for those who are managing the Polish economy. The best favor Germany could do Poland is to urge that it be admitted, posthaste, into the Common Market, not to write it welfare checks.

The best thing that could happen to the two Germanies, and to Europe as a whole, is that unification take place as fast as possible and by the simplest method—admission of East German states into the Federal Republic under Article 23 of the FRG's constitution. There has been moaning and groaning from East Germans, and even from West Germans like President Richard von Weizsäcker (whose success as a moral oracle seems to have gone to his head) that East Germany is in danger of losing its "national identity." What would that identity be? Poverty? Regimentation? No free elections since 1933? Aren't some of these traits exactly what everyone fears in the Republicans? East Germany poses an enormous task of economic, social, and moral reconstruction. The sooner the West Germans begin on it, the better.

Retaining th' Offense

MEANS OF ASCENT, the second installment of Robert Caro's four-volume biography of Lyndon Johnson, removes any doubt that the father of the Great Society was an American Borgia. Even those already cynical about Johnson will be appalled by Caro's account of the Texan's inventively ruthless rise to national power. Much of the book recounts how Johnson stole at least 35,000 votes to beat the popular, conservative former governor, Coke Stevenson, in the 1948 senatorial election.

The theft was as remarkable for its brazenness as

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for its villainy. That the election was stolen was obvious at the time, and only fast legal footwork (with the help of Johnson's crony Abe Fortas, later to be rewarded with a Supreme Court seat) prevented investigation. Caro has managed to get the whole story from some of the surviving perpetrators.

Liberal though his own views are, Caro has called into question the legitimacy of all Johnson's works and pomps. But some of his reviewers, instead of conceding that Johnson's misdeeds besmirch the cause of liberalism, offer the remarkable argument that Johnson's liberalism may redeem his malefactions. Ronald Steel, writing in *The New York Times Book Review*, accuses Caro of "almost unrelieved calumny," though without a shred of refutation:

"Probably LBJ did steal the election, as Mr. Caro and many others have charged. But it is also hard to believe that the nation would have been better served with broad-shouldered Coke Stevenson in the Senate. This, of course, raises the ends–means problem. Can we forgive Johnson his lies and thefts because he brought us the civil-rights acts of the 1960s? His noble deeds, after all, were made possible by his far-from-noble 1948 campaign."

Mr. Steel works hard to make it sound as if the chance to steal an election from a conservative constitutes a moral dilemma. "May one be pardoned and retain th' offense?" asks the murderous king in *Hamlet*. There is no sign that Johnson ever asked pardon, but his ideological allies are willing to bestow it anyway. After all, it's not as if the man were Nixon.

Flight Profits

ECONOMISTS, unlike natural scientists, rarely have a chance to test their ideas in an experimental setting. The 1986 Tax Reform Act may have provided just such an opportunity, however. On January 1, 1987, personal-income-tax rates were slashed from 50 per cent to 28 per cent; simultaneously the effective tax rate on corporate income was increased. According to the government's static economic models this was supposed to reduce taxes paid by individuals by $120 billion between 1987 and 1991, and raise taxes paid by corporations by a like amount. Three years after tax reform, however, it appears that corporations are paying considerably less in taxes than anyone thought they would, while individuals are paying considerably more.

That's not to say that corporations are paying less in taxes than they were before. Indeed, federal corporate-income-tax payments were a record $104 billion in 1989, 64 per cent higher than in 1986. And when you add in the $25 billion in state and local corporate income taxes and the $150 billion in federal payroll taxes paid by corporations, approximately 90 per cent of corporate profits were taxed away last year.

And therein lies the problem. As the tax rate on profits increases, the incentive to show less profit becomes irresistible. Lawyers and accountants work overtime in search of loopholes. Companies reorganize as partnerships so that their officers can pay taxes as individuals. Leveraged buy-outs financed with junk bonds become attractive because a corporation can take a tax deduction for the interest payments on debt but gets no deduction for dividend payments on stock. The most extreme form of corporate tax avoidance takes the form of moving profitable activity to countries where tax rates are lower, or selling domestic operations to foreign firms.

When you tax something you get less of it. We increased tax rates on corporate profits in 1986, and got $60 billion less in profits than static analysis suggested. Chalk up another one for the supply-siders.

Beastly Idea

SO CHIC is the cause of animal rights these days that it has become the subject of an enthusiastic cover story in *The New Republic*. While the editors of this journal yield to nobody in their passion for kindness to animals—at risk of sounding like antebellum plantation owners, we would point out that several of us own and pamper dogs—the idea of animal *rights* is a little too much for us.

In the first place, animals don't show any disposition to recognize each other's rights. This means that if we take their rights seriously, it's up to us, the human race, to police the entire animal kingdom. For not only must we observe their rights in our own dealings with them, we must see to it that they don't violate the rights of other members of their own species or, especially, those of members of other species.

Any rights they would enjoy under human rule would of necessity be man-made. This would exclude the right of self-government, at least until such time (perhaps eons off) as we had managed to raise their consciousness considerably.

Moreover, the protection of weaker species from

Austin or Bust

Ann Richards, whose unpleasant tongue
Seared Mr. Bush until he hung
Like burned meat in a barbie pit,
Appeared entangled in her wit
When rivals and their TV plugs
Inquired if the girl did drugs.

W. H. VON DREELE

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the predatory species would almost certainly mean the extinction of the latter. A pretty self-defeating victory for animal rights, from one point of view, unless the predators could be coaxed to adopt alternative protein diets, which it would be up to us to provide—a truly staggering volume of lentils and soybeans. We might do well to commission a feasibility study by the Department of Agriculture.

Despite the universalist rhetoric of the animal-rights movement—and there is no gainsaying the deep appeal of the prospect of a world without pain—the movement itself evinces a somewhat narrow, not to say ugly, mammalian bias. Its attacks on the tuna-fishing industry, for example, focus not on the death agonies of tens of thousands of hapless tuna, but on those of the relatively few dolphins snared in the same nets. There seems to be prejudice in favor of those animals that are like "us"—warm-blooded, intelligent, capable of emitting pitiful squeals. It will be hard to honor the movement's moral credentials until it rids itself of the anthropocentrism that lurks just beneath its benign surface.

Jay Lovestone, R I P

THERE ARE three Americans, now dead, to whom great credit will someday be given for having helped to make possible the fall of Communism. The three are George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO; Irving Brown, the organization's representative

RIGHT DATA

Fiscal Meltdown

"I DON'T THINK we have told our story as well as we might," Governor Cuomo admitted in a recent interview, adding "there are many misimpressions about our condition and what we are doing about it." That "condition" is the fiscal meltdown in New York. Within the past four months the deficit projected for fiscal 1990 has risen by a factor of four, to $1.1 billion. The governor's budget office warns of a $3-billion shortfall for 1991 unless policies are changed. The governor's story is that the state has exhausted every possible opportunity to cut spending, and finds that austerity alone can no longer do the job. A weak economy and slow revenue growth make a tax hike unavoidable, Mr. Cuomo says. Specifically, he proposes closing next year's budget gap with $1.4 billion in new taxes and fees (including a permanent freeze on the state's income-tax cut), $1 billion in one-shot revenues, and $300 million in spending reductions.

Lost among the details is one overriding fact: total state spending would rise by 9.3 per cent under this "austerity" budget for 1991. Medicaid reimbursement rates would rise, as would unemployment-insurance benefits and AFDC benefits (already the highest in the nation). The state would hire 171 environmental regulators and pay for them with stiff regulatory fees. Two one-thousand-bed drug-treatment campuses would cost taxpayers $80 million. The Museum of the American Indian will get $5.5 million. A health-insurance system for children will cost $30 million the first year. All in all the governor is requesting a $4.4-billion rise in state spending for 1991, the largest dollar increase in the state's history. Contrast this to the situation in bordering states—Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania—all of which released 1991 budgets shortly after New York did. While each of them acknowledges economic difficulty, no other governor in the region requested a penny of additional taxes. Instead, each of them proposed that spending growth be brought into line with the current level of revenues. In Massachusetts, Governor Dukakis proposed that state spending be cut by 1.6 per cent in 1991. The governors of Pennsylvania and Connecticut called for spending increases of 1.9 per cent and 5.8 per cent, respectively.

Excessive spending, not insufficient revenues, is the cause of New York's problem. During Cuomo's eight years in office state spending has increased 104.4 per cent, more than three times as much as inflation. In 1988, the latest year for which uniform data are available, New York spent $2,816 per capita—42 per cent more than the national average. If Albany cut its per-capita spending to the level of the next highest state, Delaware, it would save $3 billion. If New York's state and local governments cut per-capita spending to Massachusetts's level, taxpayers would save $19 billion per year.

The governor of New York can wield both a line-item veto and broad impoundment authority—levers for spending control which George Bush can only dream about. Mario Cuomo's predecessor employed those powers with telling results. Between 1975 and 1983 state spending increased 79.5 per cent, versus inflation of 95.8 per cent. While Hugh Carey was governor the rest of the nation increased spending at a faster clip than New York. Unfortunately, Mr. Cuomo seems determined to secure New York's reputation as the nation's highest-spending state.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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to the International Labor Organization; and Jay Lovestone, onetime director of the AFL-CIO's international-affairs department. Lovestone died in his sleep Wednesday, March 7, at the age of ninety-one.

What distinguished this triumvirate—and particularly Lovestone, whose career as a Communist Party functionary was cut short by an early Stalin purge—was that they knew the enemy; indeed, Lovestone knew it at first hand. Meany, Lovestone, and Brown, like many of their fellow unionists, knew that compromise with the Kremlin on basic principles would be fatal to the cause of freedom. Despite all kinds of pressure—especially during the Eisenhower and, later, the Nixon Administrations—to tone down their anti-Communism in the interests of the Spirit of Geneva, the Spirit of Camp David, or the Spirit of Détente, they stubbornly refused to surrender democratic ideals for totalitarian promises.

In all this, Lovestone was the intellectual force who prepared the AFL-CIO position papers, the resolutions, the pamphlets, the predictions, the polemical open letters, the exposés of Communism. Lovestone, who virtually had no private life and left no survivors, was a master strategist in the war against Communism. Like Meany and Brown, he scoffed at those, especially during the "détente" era, who believed that this ideological black plague had any redeeming virtues. —ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Victor Lasky, R I P

"LET'S PUT IT this way," Victor Lasky once said. "I dish it out—I can take it." It's a suitable epitaph for a fighting old-time newspaperman who came up through the ranks (*Chicago Sun*, *Stars and Stripes*, *New York World–Telegram*, North American Newspaper Alliance), took a good look at Communism, socialism, and liberalism early on, didn't like what he saw, and proceeded to do something about it. A list of his books, many of them best-sellers, identifies the bad guys, as he saw them. *Seeds of Treason* (with Ralph de Toledano) his first bestseller, was about Alger Hiss and the Hiss trial. While writing it Lasky became a friend and fan of Richard Nixon and years later sprang into print in defense of a beleaguered Nixon with a book, *It Didn't Start with Watergate*, which traced telephone tapping by Democratic White House occupants going back to Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

In the Sixties Victor Lasky went after the Kennedys with considerable gusto, and was reviled for detecting tarnish in Camelot prematurely. His blockbuster on John F. Kennedy, *JFK: The Man and the Myth*, published a few weeks before Kennedy's assassination, was followed several years later by *Robert F. Kennedy: The Myth and the Man*. These, and a subsequent biography of Arthur Goldberg, were dismissed by his critics as cut-and-paste jobs. The battle between Victor Lasky and the high priests of liberalism was a no-quarter engagement.

Victor Lasky died last month in Washington, of cancer, age 72, with Patricia, his wife of 38 years, at his side. He remained a doughty fighter to the end.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your syndicated column "Musings of a Deposed Dictator" [printed in *NR* as "Okay, Okay, I'm Coming," Feb. 5] appears to be in the form of a dramatic monologue, though the identity of the speaker is never given direct enunciation. In the course of the text, the following passage occurs, "I have plenty of plata, nice 24-karat plata."

Not all newspaper stylebooks require the italicization of such unassimilated foreign words as *plata*, for which reason you are not held to account for what may be a copy-editor's lapse. SPELL [Society for the Preservation of English as a Literary Language] does not doubt the utility, sometimes the necessity, of introducing foreign terms into English discourse. We pick bones, not nits.

We do, however, require that such terms be employed with some clear apprehension of the word's lexical meaning, derivation, and common usage on its home turf. It is on these standards that you stand in the dock on a charge of egregious and pretentious solecism.

In Spanish *plata* means silver; *oro* means gold. In the Anglophone world, the purity of gold is expressed in karats, units per 24 parts of absolute purity. The relative purity of silver is sometimes expressed as "sterling" (92.5 per cent pure) or "coin" (90 per cent). In all other formulations the purity of silver is expressed domestically in parts per thousand, as is the purity of both silver and gold internationally.

I am certain that you would never entertain a defense grounded in your ignorance, nor does it seem likely that some editor or gremlin substituted "*plata*" for "*oro*" as your prose proceeded from your teeming

Our China Policy

Although we smile and clink a glass
With leaders of the working class
Who, after hours, carry on
In digs befitting Kubla Khan,
They're leaving Mr. Bush with what
I'd blush to give a Hottentot.

W. H. VON DREELE

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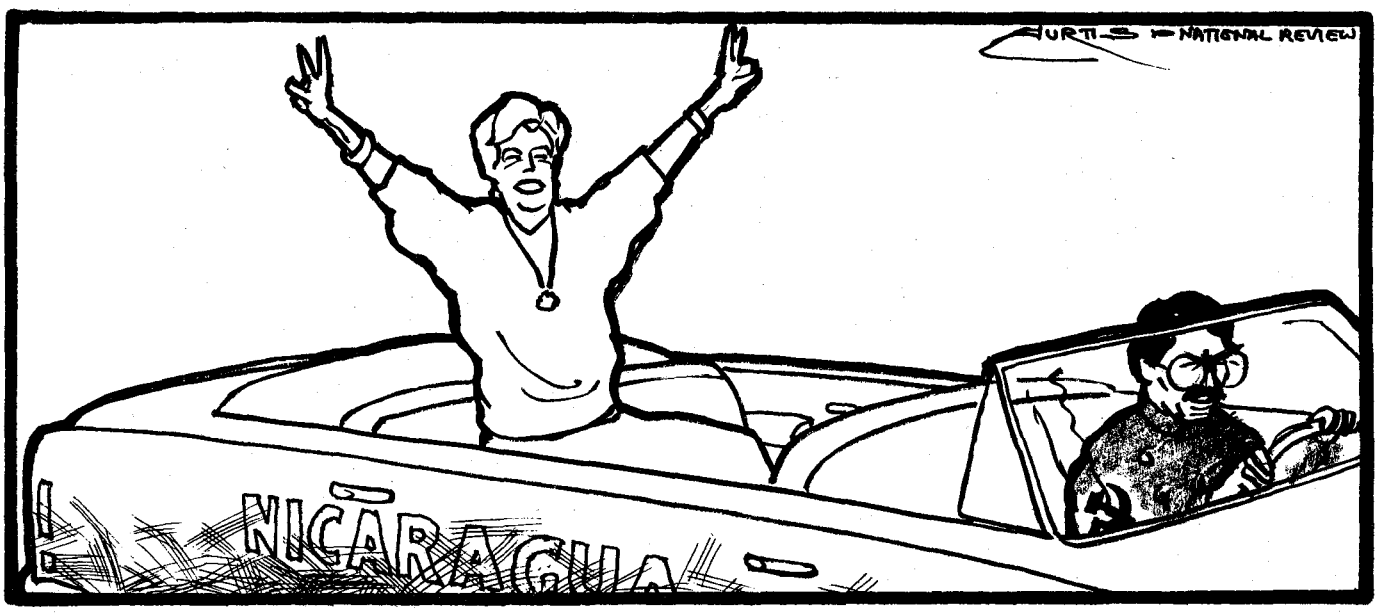

brain to my breakfast table. I invite your attention to this matter, with an aim to contrition.

In the hope, not only of contrition, but of amendment, I am,

Sincerely,
John K. Metcalfe
Factotum and Enforcer
SPELL
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Metcalfe: the word "plata" is commonly used in Latin America to signify: money; dough; bread. As in, "*Desgraciadamente, estoy sin plata.*" Direct your energies elsewhere. Cordially,

WFB
Instructor in Spanish, Yale University, 1947–51

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Let me see if I understand the liberal position correctly: On the one hand, we're told that municipalities must not display a crèche on public property, at Christmastime, since it might "offend" those who don't share the beliefs it represents. (Isn't it comforting, indeed heartwarming, to know that wherever tender sensibilities are beleaguered by the image of a mother kneeling over her newborn child, lying in a hay trough, the brave and the true in our midst are ready to take up cudgels in behalf of the threatened?)

On the other hand, whenever degradation and insult wrap themselves in the holy mantle of Art (e.g., Mr. Serrano's crucifix in urine)—sensibilities be damned—these same paladins suddenly become Defenders of the Faith: Art is sacred, and must be treated as inviolable.

Well, my suggestion for those who live in municipalities that want to celebrate Christmas in the proper spirit is this: Simply commission an Artist to create your Nativity scene. That way, no matter whom it "offends," it won't bother the liberals because it's Art; and since only a yahoo like Jesse Helms is offended by Art, the matter is beyond their sphere of concern. What do you think?

Liege and lief,
Michael L. DeLorme
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Mr. DeLorme: I think it is a splendid idea. The DeLorme formula should sweep the country. Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I leave to your fertile imagination what a Harvard genetic counselor would recommend to a woman carrying twins, one fetus having tested positive on conservatism.

Cordially,
Bruce H. Zeiser
Law-school classmate of Bill Rusher
Milford, N.H.

[Enclosed, article from *Harvard Magazine*, January–February 1990. Headline: "THE TIME MACHINE. *The ability to evaluate one's children before birth allows parents to make decisions that sometimes seem grotesque.* By John Lauerman.

". . . Some researchers have not stopped with disease but are using modern techniques to look for genetic predisposition toward behavior that is very hard to define—such as 'conservatism'—is there a 'John Birch gene'? . . . A 1979 study at the University of Minnesota, for instance, found that many behavioral traits—including conservatism, respect for authority, aggression, morality, and 'social potency'—are controlled by genes."]

Dear Mr. Zeiser: Catch a million or two of those little zygotes, and Massachusetts can re-elect Dukakis 19 years from now! Cordially,

—WFB

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Clean Air, Hot Air

SUSAN MANDEL

Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON, D.C.— After a decade-long stalemate, Congress is finally reconciling its internal differences on the environment, and the result will be a new Clean Air Bill that only a politician could love. Even with the expected opposition from both the environmentalists and industry (for different reasons, of course), passage is all but certain, since both Congress and the White House are eager to take credit for "saving" the environment.

There are two versions of the bill under consideration, the House version, which is essentially the one originally proposed by President Bush, and a modified Senate version, arrived at after negotiations with the White House. Both the new Senate bill and the House version cover air toxics, auto emissions, and acid rain; both would create a complex federal regulatory system overlooking everything from steel mills to bakeries. The two would bring about the same reductions in air pollution. The main difference is that the Senate version costs twice as much and, not coincidentally, eliminates twice as many jobs. In addition, according to Frank Blake, former general counsel to the Environmental Protection Agency, "No one can really answer what we get for the bill."

Cost itself is a contentious issue. Private analysts say the Senate version would cost at least $40 billion a year, while the politicians say it's only half that much. The reason has to do with their accounting. Many of these provisions are expensive but the costs are difficult to measure, so the White House and Senate negotiators simply estimate them at zero—a form of cost accounting unique to the Beltway. Of course, whatever the costs of the Clean Air legislation turn out to be, they come on top of the $85 billion a year Americans already spend to comply with federal environmental laws.

One of life's little ironies here is that the main sponsor of the Clean Air Bill, Senator Max Baucus (D., Mont.), also happens to head the Senate's competitiveness caucus. He didn't allow that to prevent him from coming up with a truly anti-competitive bill, fulfilling a number of the wildest fantasies of the environmental lobby. (Much to that lobby's disgust, the compromise version at least made some attempt to take cost into consideration.)

Two other individuals also deserve credit for getting the Clean Air Bill to the Senate floor: Majority Leader George Mitchell and Jimmy Powell, a Senate Environmental Committee staffer known on the Hill as "Senator" Powell. In behind-the-scenes negotiations Mr. Powell argued with the members and got his way on important provisions over the objections of more than one senator. Mr. Powell's handiwork is evident, for example, in the air-toxics section, the most expensive part of the bill. He pushed for another of the costliest provisions, an arbitrary risk standard that the White House had originally opposed. Firms emitting substances that cause a cancer risk higher than one in ten thousand to the most exposed individual would have to shut down. That level of risk translates into one actual cancer case every 750,000 years. This provision alone could put industries out of business. But don't blame this on the Democrats. Mr. Powell is a Republican, on staff for Senators Dave Durenberger (Minn.) and John Chafee (R.I.).

Another important contributor to the bill was Senator Robert Byrd (D., W.Va.). In return for his agreement not to filibuster, the Senate and White House negotiators included Senator Byrd's acid-rain proposal, the main purpose of which appears to be saving several thousand West Virginia coal-mining jobs. How else to explain subsidizing scrubbers, which make utilities less energy-efficient, create a nasty sludge by-product, and double the clean-up costs for acid rain? What the subsidy means is that Midwestern utilities are likely to continue burning high-sulphur coal instead of switching to cleaner fuels.

The most widely cited statistic regarding the legislation's benefits is an American Lung Association study claiming it would save fifty thousand lives and $50 billion in health-care costs. What the report fails to mention is that at least 90 per cent of those gains have already been made by environmental laws already on the books. Equally telling, the Lung Association study ignored other factors related to risk, such as lifestyle. If saving lives were the goal, it would make more sense to put the effort into cancer research. But, as the Enrivonmental Protection Agency's Bill Rosenberg concedes, the Clean Air Bill is not about lives but about the "quality of air, visibility, and deterioration of old buildings."

Even at the lower price tag of $20 billion for the President's original proposal, now in the House, this legislation is no bargain. Perhaps the most interesting twist is that one of the few people to speak up about the impact on jobs has been the president of the NAACP, Benjamin Hooks, who sent senators a letter about it last November. Preliminary estimates by private analysts put direct and indirect job losses as a result of the Senate version at 1.5 million, and of course the poor

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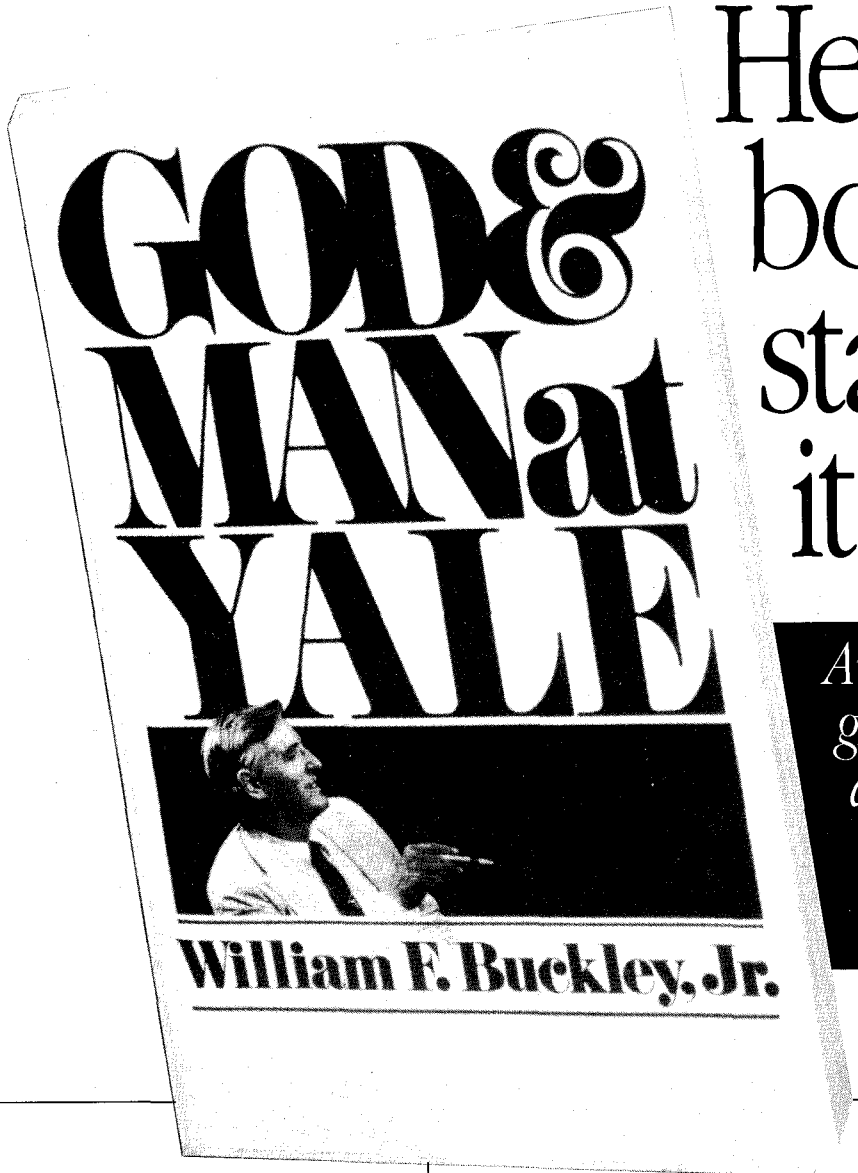

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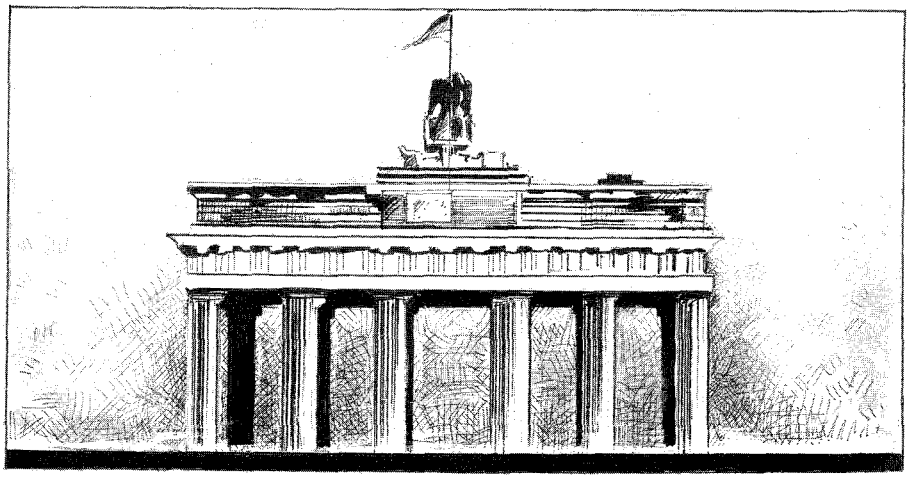
and minorities will suffer a disproportionate share of any such losses. Just wait for the congressional "solution" to that one. □

A City Comes In from the Cold

JAMES P. PINKERTON



Jennifer Lawson

EAST BERLIN—The East Germans are different from you and me. They talk longer. At a West Berlin symposium, they thought nothing of talking for half an hour at a stretch. These were not Communist hacks; they were "reformers," journalists and bureaucrats who had held onto power when Honecker, Krenz, et al. were losing theirs. Still, for all their relative liberalism, the Easterners have little concept of bourgeois give-and-take. They are not used to being interrupted. In our instantaneous quick-cutting world, even a 20-second "sound bite" lasts from here to eternity. The East Germans have not yet been exposed to the get-to-the-point discipline that comes to a speaker when the audience can change the channel or vote for the opposition.

Daydreaming during their disquisitions, I was tempted by the morphia of equivalency and forgetfulness. But when I woke up and they were still lecturing, I heard the echoes of the darker German past. The same denial, the same avoidance of personal responsibility. "We were never Communists. We didn't like what was going on. The Stalinists are all gone now." Ex-Communists distancing themselves from the past throw around the adjective "Stalinist" the way undergraduates throw around "fascist."

One can't hold people responsible forever, but surely the East German elites should not get away with their Nuremberg defense this easily. True democracy works only on the basis of truth, and truth requires accountability. Unlike the West Germans, the East Germans have never confronted their Nazi past. After World War II, the Communists said that Hitler was the exclusive burden of the neo-fascist West; East Germans received absolution without confession. Since 1945 the unreconstructed totalitarian state in the East has piled new crimes on the old. The eventual cathartic exhumation of the whole truth will thus be all the more painful.

THE Unter den Linden is a magnificent boulevard; but I noticed that *die Linden* were puny. I was told that the original trees were all destroyed in the War. The bullet holes and incongruous patches recall disastrous events since Bismarck—a dialectical reminder that hubris generates catastrophic nemesis. Up ahead, soldiers are goose-stepping—the changing of the guard at the government's memorial "to victims of fascism and militarism." It only *seems* ironic that Communist soldiers unashamedly goose-step. The author of *The Road to Serfdom* would not be surprised: the enemies of freedom have a lot in common.

A few blocks away, the Pergamon Museum offers a case study of institutional architecture and socialist economics. The Beaux Arts style mirrors big-city museums around the world. There are some differences: few others were ever used for target practice by Soviet bazookamen. And of course most other cities would have fixed the damage by now.

The Pergamon didn't get much repair money from me, however—admission was 50 East German *Pfennigs:* In real money, that's a grand total of 4½ cents. No wonder the exterior looks like the House of Usher after it fell. But the Pergamon has some genuine wonders of the ancient world, including the entire façade of a Greek temple and a complete Babylonian arch. Unfortunately, most of the museum was closed, for—ahem—"technical reasons." Without infrastructural wherewithal, the commissars simply shut down the many parts of the building they can't afford to light, heat, restore, and repair.

Visitors have to trade good money for bad when they enter the former workers' paradise, and, since Commie cash is worthless outside the East, one's inclination is to spend all one has. This looked easy at first. The stores were fairly well stocked and for the most part they were open. Yet hours later, I still had my "money." Instead of enjoying a shopping spree I learned a lesson about the effect of consumer choice in the marketplace. At Centrum, East Berlin's showcase department store, I saw lots of things I *could* buy, but nothing I wanted to buy—nothing worth carrying back across the Atlantic. There's the rub of socialism. For decades, the East German public was damned with merchandise that was "close enough for government work." Time will tell if East German wares are close enough to popular taste for consumers finally enjoying the power of an alternative.

Desperate for something that I might actually use, if only as a doorstop, I went to the Volks bookstore. Prominently displayed was a glossy coffee-table book extolling the late Honecker regime. Typical agitprop: lots of smiling workers and humming machines. The only coffee tables that would still welcome this book are in Albania. I searched for something in English. I settled for *Behind the Façade of the Masonic Temple* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1989), which details centuries of Masonic malevo-

Mr. Pinkerton works in Washington, D.C.

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lence, with particular emphasis on their vast conspiracy to strangle Socialism. The Nazis, as everyone but me must have known, were all Masons. So, it turns out, were Roosevelt, Truman, and Churchill. Tools of the Illuminatist cabal, every one.

Off Karl Liebknecht Strasse I found a building occupied by a better group of agitators. They had renamed it the Treibhaus ("greenhouse"), and planted seeds of hope. Their anti-Communist politics were the inverse of the Sixties, but the hair, the bluejeans, the protest signs, the stacks of mimeographed handbills on card tables, the folksinger rehearsing protest songs, all reminded me of my own childhood in university towns. Power to the People and Godspeed, I thought to myself as I dropped my useless East German currency in the donation basket, taking a couple of bumperstickers proclaiming: "WE ARE GROWING DEMOCRACY."

The one luxury people can always afford is wishful thinking. That's why politics are a lagging indicator. A cabdriver told me that East Germans want a West German standard of living, a Swedish welfare state, and East German working hours. Alas, the new international economic order is a stern commonwealth of truth that cuts no slack for political reverie. A hostile political culture means nothing to investors concerned about a good business climate.

An historically minded Alabaman observed that the situation between the Germanies today recalls the aftermath of the American Civil War. For a century thereafter, Southerners took psychic solace in the politics of the Cause. The Democratic Party became the solid symbol of their defiance. Yet the Yankee economic colonizers came to Dixie anyway, bringing air conditioning, industrialization, and, eventually, Republicanism. Economics has knit together what politics once tore asunder, and everyone is better off.

Today, Germans look east and see markets. They don't want *Lebensraum*, they want the demographic keys to four hundred million new Euroconsumers. Teutonic traders are now exporting lipstick and Levis, boomboxes and breakfast cereal.

I was surprised at how quickly the Germans had formed trading relationships, especially with the USSR. Weren't there hard feelings over, say, the Siege of Leningrad? One German's answer was this: the two peoples have fought many times; but they have much in common. Germans and Russians are both burdened with a tragic history, both are struggling to come to terms with despotic legacies. The Germans, at least in the West, are much further along in this process of exorcism. Maybe they can, in a weird way, share the pain of the Russian catharsis. I asked this German how he knew so much about the USSR. He had lived there for four years. As a diplomat? I asked innocently. No, as a POW.

With the new optimism comes a new civility. At the Glienicker Bridge, a cold-war landmark remembered for dramatic spy swaps, an East German soldier directing traffic back and forth was asked how he felt about helping people do what he would have shot them for doing just a few weeks before. "Fine," he said. "Fine. After all, we are only human." The soldier's answer said a lot about the Germans, but it also says a lot about the human race. Faced with impossible choices, people do things that shame them. In evil systems, the Himmlers and the Berias rise to the top. With a few heroic exceptions, most people will follow the better-red-than-dead principle of acquiescent survival. Good systems, on the other hand, institutionalize doing the right thing. Sin is never eradicated in this world, but democracy and constitutionalism minimize the chances that the overtly wicked will ever enjoy dictatorial power.

On the way West, I walked through a broad *Platz* and confronted grim statues of Marx and Engels staring sightlessly to the east. It was a cold and rainy night, so I didn't linger. Like everyone else in East Berlin, I wanted to go where it was warm. □

A Wake for Danny Boy

WILLIAM TUCKER

Jennifer Lawson

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—You would not think my neighborhood in Brooklyn would be fertile breeding ground for a peasant revolution. With its tree-lined streets and stately old brownstones, Park Slope is bursting with young professionals, old Irish families, and a potpourri of every other race and nationality, all quietly marveling at how well they get along with each other.

Yet things being as they are, it is precisely in this environment that a small cadre of gentrifiers have turned Park Slope into Brooklyn headquarters for the Sandinista revolution. Daniel Ortega, who visited here three years ago, was greeted with wild enthusiasm. By all odds, he will probably end his career running a liquor store on Seventh Avenue.

The epicenter of this revolutionary ferment is the Park Slope Methodist Church, a modest little congregation that has distinguished itself in the "borough of churches" by planting cardboard tombstones in its back yard for "victims of American aggression" and sporting a pastor, Finley Schaef, who argues that the Sandinistas have

Mr. Tucker's book The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policies *is just out from Regnery Gateway.*

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every right to censor the Nicaraguan press because they are at war with the United States Government.

Thus, when the inevitable notices went up last week calling an "informational meeting" about the Sandinistas' recent election defeat, I couldn't resist dropping by.

Perhaps the most gratifying thing about the event was that of the 350 people who crammed into Park Slope Methodist's narrow pews, I didn't recognize a single soul. I halfway feared that the local librarian, the bookstore owner, and my son's second-grade teacher would turn out to be secret agents for the Sandinistas. Instead, the crowd turned out to be the usual misfits: deliberately unattractive lesbians embracing ostentatiously, frizzy-haired girls asking you to sign their petition, grey-haired radicals reliving the glory days of the Sixties, puzzled young blacks trying to make sense of their black-studies education.

The featured speaker was Philip Agee, the renegade CIA agent who has been traveling recently on a Nicaraguan passport. Agee spent the better part of an hour reminiscing about his own adventures in Latin America, and told how the Truman Administration had rigged the Italian elections of 1948—"so that the Christian Democrats rule Italy even to this day."

Next came Brian Glick, a radical Manhattan lawyer who is still defending the "Manhattan Seven" (or whoever they were) and who was introduced as "one of the founders of SDS" (who wasn't?). Glick spent another half-hour reminiscing about the 1960s, when the FBI tried to persuade Martin Luther King to commit suicide.

AFTER MORE than an hour of this, one of those lovable old radicals stood up in the audience and said, "Can I ask a question?"

"I'll take questions after I'm finished," Glick dismissed him.

"Well, I'm going to ask it anyway. Look, the Sandinistas are trying right now to examine themselves and figure out what they did wrong. Couldn't we dispense with all this?"

Heads were bobbing around the congregation and it was obvious the man had much sympathy. But the hard-liners prevailed. "Sit down and shut up!" one man shouted, and others picked up the chorus. Glick resumed his monologue (which turned out to be a pitch to buy his book). A few minutes later, the old-timer conspicuously got up and left, followed by a steady stream of others.

It was not until the audience was considerably depleted that we were finally introduced to four humanitarians who had served as election observers in Brooklyn's "sister city," San Juan del Rio Coco in Nicaragua.

Martha Anderson, introduced as a journalist, had a sweet naïveté about her. She recounted how San Juan (population seven thousand) had once been attacked by the Contras and how "the whole two weeks we were there, we didn't see a single election poster for UNO. The whole town was plastered with signs supporting the Sandinistas."

Nevertheless, San Juan voted for UNO by 75 per cent. "In retrospect, we feel we probably spent too much time talking to the mayor and the other Sandinista officials and too little time getting to know the people of the community," she concluded.

Mary Powers, a theology student, came away with similar thoughts. "We spent one day at a church service and noticed a few UNO candidates there," she said. "When we told our Sandinista hosts about it, they scoffed and said, 'Oh, they're all UNO down there.' I think one of our big mistakes was in overlooking that 95 per cent of the people of Latin America are practicing Catholics."

Only Peter Kondradt, introduced as another journalist, showed any signs of cynicism. "Flying back on the plane, one of my fellow observers turned to me and said, 'Come to think of it, I *did* see evidence of massive fraud in that election.'"

"What did he mean?" asked a sweetly innocent voice from the audience. Kondradt gave a knowing smile, but declined to elaborate.

For the most part, however, the audience was excruciatingly unrepentant. "I've been encouraged by what I've been hearing on WBAI," said one speaker. "The Sandinistas have passed laws saying the new government cannot change anything without a two-thirds vote. Even though they have a majority, we still retain power."

Others were even more blatant. "The election has been lost but the revolution will go on," said several speakers. UNO may control the legislature, but the Sandinistas control the army and the police.

In fact, if there was one thing that characterized the entire assembly, it was a remarkably unembarrassed contempt for the electoral process—both in Nicaragua and in this country. "I see no reason why Cuba should ape the United States and hold an election every four years," said Peter Kondradt. "All we get in this country is a phony choice between Democrats and Republicans," said another speaker. Philip Agee even praised Manuel Noriega for ignoring the result of the Panamanian elections and seizing power through his private army.

SO WHAT CAN be said about such people, who obviously don't deserve to be living in a free country, but who enjoy its benefits nonetheless?

Pat Buchanan wants to hold such leftists responsible for their acts. P. J. O'Rourke has half-jokingly called for a new McCarthy Era. Yet I think the best medicine is to let them stew in their own juice. Better yet, send the network cameras to record how leftists actually talk among themselves.

Such bile-ridden hatred of democracy seems to be the fate of much of the second-rate intelligentsia. For most of these people, going to college seems to have been the high point of their intellectual career, with "joining the movement" an attempt to preserve the heady camaraderie of dormitory days. Mary Powers, the theology student, was easily pushing forty. Peter Kondradt, the "journalist," turned out to be a high-school teacher.

Of course, a great number of famous revolutionaries (Stalin, Ortega, Ceausescu, et al.) came from a similar milieu. In Third World backwaters, such people can obviously do enormous damage. Yet it is precisely the lesson of the Nicaraguan election that such backwaters are getting harder and harder to find. As for this country, we can shuck off these malignancies the way healthy bodies slough off disease bacteria.

In a perfectly rational world, these romantic revolutionaries probably wouldn't be living in a free society. But the world is not always just. One thing we are learning about freedom is that it is so inexpressibly beneficial that it generally gives people much more than they deserve. □

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Saving the Elephant

WILLIAM MCGURN

PRINCETON, N.J.—It's 11 P.M. on the second evening of a Republican retreat, and in the lounge of the Merrill Lynch Conference and Training Center a small crowd of Republicans are singing the golden oldies. Bob Michel (Ill.), the minority leader since 1981, rests his drink on the piano and in a fine baritone belts out a splendid "Ol' Man River." The scene looks suspiciously like a *Saturday Night Live* send-up: Republicans Having Fun in New Jersey.

Less than fifty feet away, however, Newt Gingrich (Ga.) is huddled with a reporter over one of the side tables in the poolroom, explaining one of his many plots to wrest power from the Democrats come 1992. As the contrast suggests, today there is not one but two Republican Parties: the amiable, get-along Republicans represented by Michel, and the Young Turks, represented by Gingrich, who think they have a shot at taking over the House in 1992. Both groups are here at a conference of House Republicans called "The Congress of Tomorrow." Remarkably enough, the Young Turks are gaining the upper hand in a party that has always had too many gentlemen ever to seize control of an institution like the modern Congress.

They won't say that, of course. On the surface, everything is smooth, and the corridors ring with praise for the likable Michel as "the most effective minority leader in history," truly a Republican accolade. Gingrich himself introduced the minority leader (who came in as a freshman in 1956, two years after the Republicans lost control of the House) as "the Republican Speaker" come 1993. The 11th Commandment—Thou shalt not speak ill of a fellow Republican—is still Holy Writ for the GOP.

Below the surface, however, it's clear that a significant number of key players are tired of being kicked around. More important, with the exception of Bob Michel and Guy Vander Jagt, chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, the second-tier leadership is in the hands of the Young Turks, who not coincidentally are all solid conservatives: Gingrich as whip; Mickey Edwards (Okla.) in policy; Duncan Hunter (Calif.) in research; Vin Weber (Minn.), Jerry Lewis (Calif.), and Bill McCollum (Fla.) in the House Republican Conference. These people are the backbone of the effort to reposition the Republican Party to attack on what until now has been the Democrats' turf: local issues.

There is not one but two Republican Parties: the amiable, get-along Republicans represented by Bob Michel, and the Young Turks, represented by Newt Gingrich, who think they have a shot at taking over the House.

"During the Reagan Administration we won the big issues," says Weber, relaxing in the dining car of the specially chartered Amtrak train back to Washington. "But now we're going to go after the little picture—quality of life, local issues—issues that the Democrats have dominated and the issues that continue to drive the Congress."

THE CONFERENCE didn't start out that way. The organizers had tried to jolt members from their tendency to concentrate only on this week's legislation or next month's campaign appearance. So they hired a few experts. Not surprisingly, the experts were technocrats and pollsters who reflect establishment thinking, not exactly a winning formula.

Thus the assembled House Republicans were treated to the first speaker, Barry L. Kostinsky of the Census Bureau, who devoted most of his presentation to AIDS, citing, for example, its effect on the gross national product of Zaire. He was followed by another Census Bureau man who was more interesting, particularly when he talked about how the continuing drop in the natural birthrate in America will probably mean more dependence on immigration to fill the job gap. But he was followed by Patrick Butler of the Times Mirror Company.

In the manner of Moses coming down from the mountain, Butler told the assembled Republicans that a majority of Americans want the peace dividend spent rather than have their taxes reduced, that they want to slash defense spending and put it into education and the environment, and in general that the Reagan message "has given way to a public belief that government isn't doing enough." But this regurgitation of the current Beltway wisdom was topped by Martin Cetron, who bills himself as a "futurist," but is really a showman. Without doubt his was the most entertaining speech, as one might expect of something filled with half-truths, plausible falsehoods, and witty double-entendres, concluding on the note that the Republican Party would be okay so long as it "stayed away from abortion."

That's the sort of stuff members get every day in the *Washington Post*, and indeed that paper's Tom Kenworthy jumped to it. His story zeroed in on the Butler talk, particularly the parts that emphasized the need for more spending. There was no mention of the debate that Butler's presentation engendered—he was, for example, sharply questioned by Chris Smith (N.J.) about the wording of his abortion polls—or of Karlyn Keene, editor of *American Enterprise* and a specialist in public opinion, who shared the panel with him. At various points Mrs. Keene made a valiant attempt to offer "a slightly different interpretation"

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from Mr. Butler's, which in fact meant a violently different interpretation. In particular, where Butler argued for "dispassionate wording" of polls (read: using "termination of pregnancy" for "abortion" and "fetus" for "unborn child"). Mrs. Keene argued in favor of having a number of polls with a variety of wordings.

So much for the morning.

THE AFTERNOON redeemed everything. It started with a luncheon address by White House Chief of Staff John Sununu. Perhaps feeling that the morning sessions had been a tad too esoteric, Sununu reminded the congressmen that "the way to deal with the long term is to deal with the short term." Had he had time to stay for the afternoon sessions, he would have been pleased. The congressmen broke into four workshops: global relations, workplace 2000, the environment, and empowerment, led respectively by Mickey Edwards, Vin Weber, Bill McCollum, and Duncan Hunter. The great benefit of these meetings was that they were led by congressmen and devoted to coming up with winning political alternatives to the Democrats at the House level.

Jennifer Lawson

The change is critical. The empowerment session, for example, discussed alternative Republican approaches on health, education, and poverty in ways that would appeal to traditional Democratic constituencies without compromising conservative principles. The other sessions were encouraging too. Not so much for their answers, but for the approach: not only were Republican members thinking of alternatives, they were trying to think of ways to *sell* these alternatives.

At the end of the conference, the resolutions that were were adopted in the four workshops were put before the conference as a whole. Most were good, some were bad—for example, the unquestioned lunacy that Japan should be the model for everything from education to investment, which popped up everywhere—but the point was not the specifics, which vary in importance from issue to issue. The point was the direction.

"This is the first time I have ever seen Republicans think as political animals," said one weary GOP staffer. "You don't know how long I've waited for that."

Of course, there were a few sideshows. Novelist Tom Clancy, for example, was there to address the foreign-policy group, and at one point was asked directly by *Washington Times* newsman Ralph Hallow whether he planned to run on the Republican ticket for the Maryland House seat now held by Democrat Roy Dyson, whose narrow margin of victory in 1988 makes him vulnerable. "I have to put my drink down," he said, and ambled off, seemingly surprised. Later Clany was seen having a long chat with NRCC chairman Guy Vander Jagt. Co-chairman Ed Rollins said Clancy would have the full support if he chose to go ahead.

More revealing was the Republican treatment of Jim Courter, whose disastrous gubernatorial campaign last year has caused so much hand-wringing. Inasmuch as the conference was partly in his district, he might have been expected to play the gregarious host. But for the most part he was shunned, hovering over the ceremonies with all the popularity of Banquo's ghost. A few days earlier he'd been the subject of unflattering remarks by Rollins occasioned by his latest flip-flop, this to a completely pro-choice position. Even on the train ride up from Washington he mostly sat alone.

Further indignities were in store. The most telling cut came in the keynote address delivered by Vice President Dan Quayle at Princeton's Alexander Hall. In the midst of a speech devoted to the American family (curiously unmentioned in the conference), there was an unmistakable reference to Courter Republicans. "I need not tell this audience that, all over the nation's capital, and especially in the marble halls of the House of Representatives, there are countless statues of great men and great women," said the Vice President. "But not one of them depicts its subject with a wet finger to the wind."

Shortly after that the congressman was hustled out by aides, lest he have to deal with the attendant press. It's hard to believe his subsequent decision not to run for re-election was unrelated to his treatment at Princeton.

This too was encouraging, in that it signals a departure from the go-along, get-along minority attitude. Not one of the Republicans now serving in the House has ever served in a Republican House. But now the middle levels of the Republican leadership are filled with members who are tired of being kicked around by the Democrats, guys who want a taste of power. Slowly, they are changing the party, and the members like it.

"I think we have the most cohesive leadership in the House that we've ever had," says Bill Emerson (Mo.), enjoying a smoke between sessions. "They have a commitment to include all the members in deliberations, and so they make sure people are involved."

Skeptics will note that only a third of the GOP congressmen showed up for the conference, and that the ranking committee members stayed away. This is disappointing, but all movements start small and a nucleus of sixty members—including the party leadership—is a healthy base to start from. Add to this a concrete White House commitment to push Republican candidates (something the Gipper never did), and the chances for a GOP takeover come 1992, still a longshot, look better. If ever the day comes that a Republican picks up the speaker's gavel, they might trace its genesis back to Princeton. □

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Slouching toward Democracy?

BRIAN CROZIER

THE SPECTACLE of nascent democracy in the Soviet Union is wondrous to behold. And not the least wondrous aspect is that it is indeed just that: a spectacle on our television screens, with Western reporters quizzing candidates, approaching reformers, radicals, and conservatives (all categories in quotation marks), some of whom are far from reticent in saying what they think about Mr. Gorbachev and the empty shelves after several years of *perestroika*.

Where will it all end? I confess that it is the spectacle, above all else, that has made me less skeptical than I have been on the proposition that the Soviet system may indeed be stumbling toward some new polity recognizable as democracy.

In principle, what is happening is impossible, a contradiction in terms. Not long ago, Mikhail Gorbachev was dismissing the possibility of a multiparty system as "rubbish"; now he is pressing toward it against the entrenched opposition of the hard-line faction of Yegor Ligachev. The infallible Leninist Party, entitled to permanent power, is pushed aside in the interests of *perestroika*.

Another contradiction: While the Party, impelled by its leader, is moving over to make room for rival political tendencies, the leader is giving himself quasi-dictatorial powers. Mr. Gorbachev has been looking at other "presidential" constitutions, including the American and (especially) the French models, and quite liking what he sees. If all goes according to plan, Mikhail Gorbachev will be elected, not by popular vote (too risky) but by the Congress of People's Deputies.

On paper, his powers will exceed those of the French or the American president. For he will have the power not only to appoint and dismiss the prime minister and other top officials and to declare mobilization, but also (a totalist flavor, this) to "exercise general control over the rights and obligations of Soviet citizens, and over the country's constitution, sovereignty, security, and general integrity."

The March 4 elections were, in effect, a sweeping if untidy public-opinion poll in the Slavic republics of the USSR: Russia, Ukraine, and Byelorussia. Some 130 million people voted, though bewildered by the sheer number of candidates and the near-impossibility of finding out what they stood for. Essentially, the choice was between Communist Party candidates and the rest.

What emerged was that most Slavic citizens no longer want the Party that has ruled over them for seven decades plus. Yet the rejection was by no means 100 per cent; for instance, Ukraine's prime minister and the president and prime minister of Byelorussia were elected. At stake were not only the national parliaments of the three republics, but municipalities and district councils as well.

The most significant victory was undoubtedly that of Boris Yeltsin, who swept the board in his home town of Sverdlovsk. The current cliché-label for Yeltsin is "maverick," though there is far more to him than that.

What does it all mean? Where does it all lead?

I am as sure as one can be without having access to Gorbachev's private thoughts and emotions that he didn't wish any of the current and recent ferment to happen. His book, *Perestroika*, was singularly revealing. On reaching the top, he found the mess was even worse than he had imagined. For outsiders, the cause of the mess was, simply, the prevailing ideology. But to renounce Marxism, and especially Leninism, was unthinkable, because it would mean discarding legitimacy. So he did the standard thing, blaming his predecessor—Brezhnev, not the interim gerontocrats, Chernenko and Andropov (his protector). And he proposed "restructuring."

This *perestroika* was widely, but in my view mistakenly, taken to apply to the economy. In fact, it applied to the Party. His reasoning was that nothing was working and production was declining because the Party was corrupt and rotten from top to bottom.

So far and so deep had the rot spread that the situation was truly irremediable. This, I believe, is why Gorbachev has been driven, by stages and in the face of mounting popular pressure, toward democracy and away from one-party rule.

Glasnost made the situation worse in that it brought complaints to the surface, timidly at first, then in an unstoppable torrent. When the rot spread to the Eastern European colonies, Gorbachev and his close advisors (especially his mentor, Yakovlev) made the bold decision to give the mounting revolt a shove in an effort to control events instead of being overwhelmed by them. There can be no doubt that the KGB helped to organize the mass demonstrations that brought down Honecker in East Germany and Ceausescu in Rumania.

The elections in the USSR and in the component republics are part of the process. Since the Party is discredited, bring in new blood. The formula could even work. The agility, adaptability, and political skill of Mr. Gorbachev are wondrous to behold.

AN INTERESTING development, so far unreported, has been the new tolerance granted to the long-established anti-Communist exile organization, the NTS (National Labor Solidarists). Over the past two or three months, the NTS, in the full knowledge of the KGB, has held public meetings in the Leningrad Public Library and in the building of the Writers' Union in Moscow. Now the NTS has decided to turn itself into the Christian Democratic Party. Already, it is finding allies within the Congress of People's Deputies.

Inside the USSR, the now-tolerated group Democratic Russia seems likely to become the Social Democratic Party. "Maverick" Yeltsin could emerge as president of the Russian Republic and leader of the Social Democrats. As such, he would be in the running for the top job of president of the USSR. That is, if we assume the survival of the Soviet Union. What seems more likely is the breakup of the Union into a confederation of sovereign republics. A subject to which we must return before long. □

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A SUSTAINABLE ENVIRONMENTALISM

Saving the Earth From Its Friends

Some environmentalists are in it for ideology, others for profit. But the profit motive, and other attractions of private property, could be put to the service of a genuine environmentalism.

Environmentalists: High, Low, and Dangerous

DAVID BROOKS

THERE ARE THREE forms of organized environmentalism in the United States. All three are motivated by a genuine concern for nature, and all three also use environmentalism as an excuse for power. Two of the strains are based on perverse ideologies; the one without an ideology is causing the most harm.

The first form of organized environmentalism is the Greens. These are the New Left and New Age environmentalists, peaceniks, student radicals, Hollywood activists, and a few oft-quoted scientists and pseudo-scientists such as Paul Ehrlich, Lester Brown, and Jeremy Rabkin. This is revolutionary environmentalism, a romantic effort to reshape society along primitive anti-capitalist formulas. The Greens have significant influence in Europe. In the U.S., conservatives have taken great delight in attacking them (they are such an easy target), but their influence on federal environmental policy is trivial.

Such influence as they do have, they obtain by association with a separate and more respectable form of organized environmentalism. This second strain is supremely establishmentarian: Abercrombie & Fitch environmentalism. This group is made up of the spokesmen for such organizations as the National Wildlife Federation, the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, and the Environmental Defense Fund, as well as environmental journalists, Washington-based activists, and, in the Bush Administration, environmental policy-makers.

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This is a lily-white movement (the Greens are too, but it bothers them). It is affluent (the average income of a Sierra Club member is $76,000; the World Wildlife Fund has an annual budget of over $50 million). And it is overwhelmingly professional—polls show that the middle and lower-middle classes are either indifferent or hostile to it.

Far from living lives of communal modesty, as the Greens do, these Abercrombie & Fitch environmentalists are unabashed about their affluence. Their conferences have become notorious for their plush locales (Switzerland, Beverly Hills, Sundance) and their fine, low-cholesterol dinners. EPA Director William Reilly spent the first weeks of his tenure trying to get a limo to take him home from work. His Reagan Administration predecessor, Lee Thomas, drove a Toyota Tercel.

Yale has become the launching pad for leading members of this strain: a visitor to New Haven in 1966 could have stumbled across World Resources Institute head Gus Speth, Natural Resources Defense Council co-founder Richard Ayres, and Environmental Defense Fund counsels William Butler and James Tripp, as well as the director of the EPA's Office of Toxic Substances, Charles Elkins, and former EPA counsel John Bonine.

EPA DIRECTOR William Kane Reilly, who grew up in the middle-class community of Fall River, Massachusetts, but graduated from Yale in 1962, exemplifies the type. He went on to get a law degree from Harvard and a degree in urban planning from Columbia. He is a polished, well-mannered, and genial man, who seems conciliatory even when he is not. A member of the Cosmos and University Clubs, he has an aristocratic languor about him. For 16 years he was president of the Conservation Foundation, one of the more genteel environmental groups, supported by the Rockefeller and Mellon Foundations. His nickname around the White

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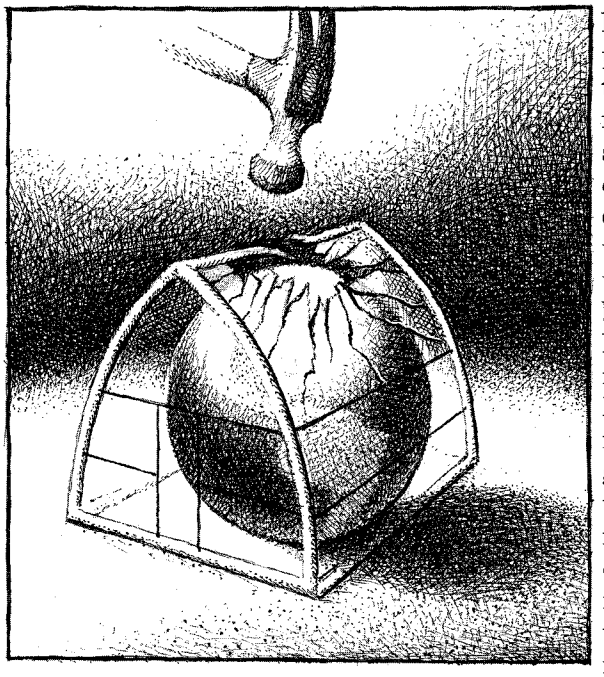
House is Clean Air Head, for he is not known for a sharp intellect. But his rivals fear him at Cabinet meetings, comparing him to the William Hurt character in *Broadcast News*. A master of delivery, he can win every five-minute debate, even if he would be annihilated in one that lasted an hour.

Reilly also has the advantage of serving a President who is culturally simpatico. On Capitol Hill, two of the three leading environmentalists—John Heinz (Yale '60, Harvard MBA '63) and Al Gore (Harvard '69) are also scions of famous families. The third, Tim Wirth (Harvard '61), has spent virtually all his life working for the Federal Government.

The common joke about this strain is that an environmentalist is someone who already owns a summer house. But establishment environmentalism is more generalized than anti-development activism. It is foremost a moralistic movement. Peter Sandman of Rutgers was almost right when he wrote, "Our society has reached a near consensus that pollution is morally wrong—not just harmful or dangerous . . . but wrong." That is not a social consensus but a Social consensus—a consensus of the American establishment.



It seems on the face of it ridiculous to say that a level of ozone smog of 1.0 part per million is moral but a level of 1.4 is immoral. It would seem a matter of science (determining health risks) and economics (figuring out how much poverty would be caused by reducing the risks). But when people talk about the environment they are really talking about values.

The values of environmentalism are the values of the socially secure. American environmentalism is a celebration of spiritual refinement and a repudiation of materialism and empire building. The environmentalists celebrate sensitivity, subtlety, a sense of connection to the past—a stewardship in which someone else always pays the bills. To them, pollution is the result of brute energy, powerful ambition, economic tumult, unrefined entrepreneurialism—the qualities of the arriviste. The environmentalists are fastidious. They dislike mess, and economic or technological change. Their vision is of nature as a playland in which only man is vilely energetic.

Establishment environmentalists dominate public debate. Come Earth Day, the airwaves and newspapers will be stocked with their purple rhetoric. They exert influence on policy in various ways. First, they create a crisis atmosphere that encourages a rush to action. Secretary of State James Baker has pushed environmental legislation arguing, "The political ecology is now ripe for action. We can probably not afford to wait until all of the uncertainties have been solved." Also, they are quick to declare scientific disputes settled, and they Mau-Mau anyone who dissents. Writing in *Time*, Strobe Talbott made the ludicrous statement that "no respectable scientist denies" the greenhouse theory. They end up treating environmentalism as a moral crusade in which scientific and technological considerations are dismissed as irrelevant or even wicked. Thus they have frequently intimidated politicians into not applying cost–benefit criteria to environmental legislation. Janet Hathaway, a leading spokesman of the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), recently declared that "allowing the EPA to condone continued use of a chemical whenever the benefits outweigh the costs is absolutely anathema to the environmental movement." This is moral absolutism masquerading as public policy.

The establishment environmentalists have powerful influence on the broad outlines of environmental legislation. But in environmental regulations, as in others, the real power is in the details. According to the U.S. Council on Environmental Quality, the nation now spends over $100 billion a year on environmental cleanup. The clean-air bill that President Bush will have no choice but to sign will probably push that figure up by at least $40 billion. These kinds of figures draw serious moneymen and not merely Ivy League apocalyptics with a house in the Adirondacks. These managerial environmentalists form the third organized branch of environmentalism and the most powerful. Driven not so much by ideology as by institutional interests—the interests of environmentalist groups, environmental lawyers, corporations affected by environmental legislation, and environmental bureaucrats—this strain is made up of what Mancur Olson has called "distributional coalitions." Put brutally, they are the special interests that clog up the economy and divert resources to themselves.

Some of these managerialists work for the mainstream environmental groups, and it is impossible to tell whether their behavior serves ideological goals or simply organizational goals. When Greenpeace disrupts a naval missile launch it is dramatizing a practice it opposes, and also ginning up the kind of publicity required for a successful direct-mail fundraising drive. When an apocalyptic scientist makes headline-grabbing predictions, he may be accurately reporting his conclusions, but he may be also discarding scientific skepticism for the sake of fame and plentiful foundation grants. Environmental groups are not going to be able

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to raise money if their "studies" do not predict doom around the corner.

Similarly, when a corporation donates money to an environmental groups it is hard to tell if it is the gift of an environmentalist mole in the donations office, or a cynical effort to buy silence. What is one to think, for example, about Dow Chemical or General Motors giving to environmental groups that then lobby against them? Or about the behavior of Waste Management, Inc., a company that was rated by Franklin Research and Development, a Boston investment firm, as one of the worst polluting companies in the nation? Waste Management officials boast that they give at least $355,000 a year to environmental groups. But Waste Management is in the cleanup business and therefore benefits from certain kinds of environmental legislation.

A confidential memo from publicist David Fenton boasted about how he manufactured the Alar hysteria for the Natural Resources Defense Council

Environmentalist groups often denigrate opposing studies as "industry-funded." But they got so much money from corporations that, more often than not, their studies are industry-funded as well.

Recently the *Wall Street Journal* reprinted a confidential memo from publicist David Fenton, in which he boasted about how he manufactured the Alar hysteria for the NRDC. "A modest investment by NRDC repaid itself many-fold in tremendous media exposure (and substantial, immediate revenue for future pesticide work)," he bragged. Significantly, in the first paragraph of his report, Fenton wrote, "Overnight, suppliers of organic produce cannot keep up with demand. Traditional supermarkets are opening pesticide-free produce sections." There is no evidence that the organic farmers are instigating these scares, but they benefit greatly from NRDC hysteria, and the two groups are certainly intertwined elsewhere. Organic-farm groups have worked closely with the NRDC and another consumer scare group, the National Toxics Campaign, in support of higher farm subsidies and mandatory production controls. A Canadian food distributor, Loblow, goes further. According to *The Economist*, Loblow offers to give royalties to any environmental group that endorses its products.

Business groups have also been quick to cash in on the environmental movement. When managerial environmentalists stay within the private sector, the results are overwhelmingly positive. Atlantic Richfield developed a cleaner gasoline. Wal-Mart markets environmentally safer products. 3M has mounted an aggressive campaign to recover its wastes: each year the program deals with 100,000 tons of air pollution, 275,000 tons of solid wastes, and more than 1.5 billion tons of waste water; over 15 years, 3M has saved nearly $300 million in disposal costs. In Nigeria, crop sprayers use wasps instead of pesticides to kill the cassava mealybug. The wasps are cheaper and more effective.

But when the managerialists meddle with regulations, things get messy. Novice congressional staffers are sometimes shocked to discover corporations arguing for stricter regulations. It is not the love of nature that drives these lobbying efforts. A large firm can leap regulatory hurdles that block firms just starting up. A single piece of legislation, the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, which covers the disposal of more than 450 substances, now has 17,000 rulings related to it. It can cost as much as $1 million and take as long as four years to get RCRA approval to operate a business. A small entrepreneur cannot afford to wait that long or spend that much.

Firms use regulations to gain competitive advantage in numerous other ways. In Europe tighter emissions standards give GM an advantage over Ford: GM had been tooling up for American-style standards while Ford had been spending heavily on experimental lean-burn engines. In West Germany, bottlers have been teaming up with the Greens to get aluminum cans banned.

In the United States, the new Clean Air Bill is overloaded with rigged regulations. Standards for planned coal plants are tougher than for existing plants [see "Clean Air, Hot Air," p. 20]. In part this is because, as one Bush Administration official told me, "Plants that exist have more clout than plants that don't yet exist." In addition, congressmen from the Northeast try to stem job flows to the Southwest. One way of doing this is to make energy in the developing Southwest as expensive as possible.

The effect is that firms continue to use old plants even when more efficient and environmentally sound plants would be feasible. In general, regulations discourage innovation. Regulators can't regulate what hasn't yet been developed, so they mandate what already exists.

The final interested parties are the lawyers (the benefits to whom are fairly obvious) and the environmental bureaucrats. For example, the Superfund law has been a boon to bureaucrats and to the independent consulting firms that live off them. Since 1980, the government has spent $10 billion on the Superfund program. An Office of Technology Assessment report recently found that about 60 per cent of that was spent for "research" and "administration."

DOMESTIC ENVIRONMENTAL legislation provides Washington dirigistes with plenty of opportunities to manage sectors of the economy. But the big enchilada is the global economy. A warming trend, environmentalists say, would require global treaties, global management, global organizations. The hot phrase in environmental circles is once again "sustainable devel-

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opment." The idea, pioneered by William Ruckelshaus, the former Reagan EPA director and current CEO of Browning Ferris Industries, a large waste-management firm (and another of the firms rated by Franklin Research as one of the worst polluters in the nation), is based on the presumption that the First World developed in ways that were too raucous and messy. Mother Earth is too frail for the Third World to try to repeat that pattern. Accordingly, its development must be managed to meet ecological imperatives in a planned global economy.

This management would be conducted, according to Ruckelshaus, by the United Nations Environmental Program. Ruckelshaus and others argue that the UN should have an independent source of income, preferably a "climate protection tax" imposed on the citizens of First World nations. The global bureaucrat's wish-list, unfurled at conferences around the posher sections of the world, includes an expansion of the World Bank, the IMF, the UN-sponsored World Commission on Environment and Development, the UN Food and Agriculture Organization, and the UN Development Program. The Worldwatch Institute predicts/hopes that First World nations will pay out $150 billion a year by the year 2000 to fund the effort. French President François Mitterrand told the UN that a sound environmental policy "implies the idea of renouncing a bit of . . . sovereignty."

Parts of the Third World actively support the movement, since debt forgiveness is one of its primary planks. Others have begun to resent having a bunch of affluent First World bureaucrats telling them how they can and cannot seek to grow wealthy. After Zimbabwe's environmentally sound elephant-ranching industry was closed down by a UN body, the director of the country's Wildlife Department called environmentalists "fat little puppies from urban environments who don't know a thing about Africa."

THERE IS nothing sinister about global bureaucrats trying to extend their power. There is nothing surprising about companies trying to use government regulations to enhance their profits, or about private interest groups whipping up public hysteria as a tool in fundraising. The problem with the environmental debate is that environmentalism has been portrayed as a philanthropic enterprise, not as a matter of competing legitimate interests.

Environmentalists are not saints, and pollution is not evil. It is an unpleasant by-product of human activity, and it should be cleaned up so long as the benefits of clean-up exceed the costs. The keys to a clean and prosperous economy are found in regions the environmentalists are ideologically compelled to ignore: in the advancement of science, in the birth of new and cleaner technologies, in the empowerment of man, in the creation of wealth. When conservatives make an alternative case for growth environmentalism, then the environmental debate will become balanced. Until then, perverse ideologies and narrowly interested managers will carry the day. □

Good Fences Make Good Neighborhoods

FRED L. SMITH
& KATHY H. KUSHNER

THE COLLAPSE of socialism in Eastern Europe and the USSR, Milton Friedman recently pointed out, seems to have taught Americans nothing. Nowhere is that more true than in environmental policy. The conventional wisdom holds that the source of environmental degradation arises from self-interest, private property, and the profit motive. But because the state acts in the public interest, socialism would reverse this process and promote environmental protection. This pretty picture began to fade in the 1970s, but nothing prepared us for the unremitting, systematic devastation that we now see.

Nevertheless, in the U.S., the EPA, with wide support from almost all sectors of society, is not only being elevated to Cabinet level, but is becoming one of the most powerful economic-planning agencies in the world. It already has the power to control nearly all aspects of the U.S. economy: production processes, contents of products, the sale of goods and services, plant siting, international trade, etc. The control even extends to land-use patterns and activities on private lands, as well as consumer choices and activities, and even individual lifestyles. This enormous power over nearly every aspect of our lives has, to date, only sporadically been used. But the potential is there, and the mounting calls for tough action belie the image of a kinder and gentler America.

If we are to prove Friedman wrong, we must challenge this conventional view that while markets are vastly superior means of organizing most human activities, they cannot address environmental concerns. The allocation of rights and responsibilities that takes place in a free economy, along with the decentralization of control, the expression of diverse wishes, and the organization of vast amounts of information, could do much to reverse the environmental damage already done.

The most common cause of environmental degradation is a lack of clearly defined and transferrable property rights in the resource in question. If a thing has no owner then no one has an incentive to care for it. Few will act to safeguard or enhance the property of others. In the case of living things, no one will try to ensure that they have the necessary conditions to reproduce and thrive. These are the conditions that lead to environmental problems—disappearing species, dirty air and water, depleted aquifers, clear-cut forests. Even global warming can be traced to the fact that no one has a proprietary interest in protecting the atmosphere. If

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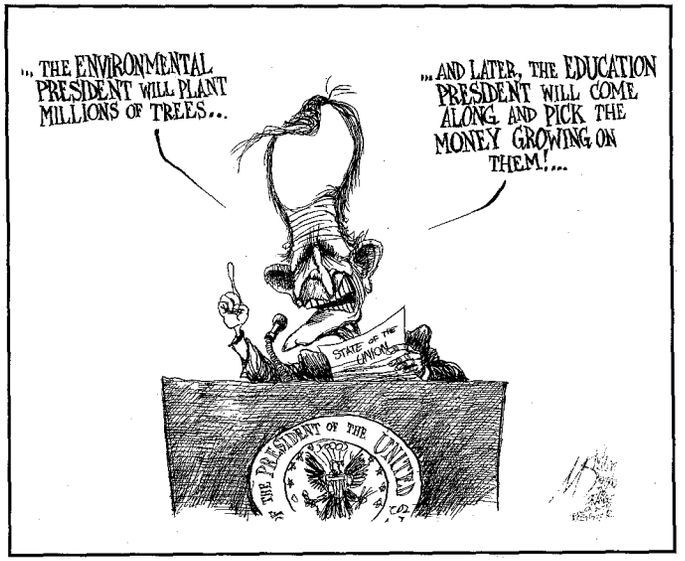
property rights were extended to resources that now enjoy no such protection, the long-term self-interest of private owners could take the place of inefficient and unpredictable bureaucratic fiat.

To see how these two different approaches to conservation work, compare redfish and catfish. In the 1980s the redfish population in the Gulf of Mexico declined alarmingly. Commercial fishermen were taken to task for their greed, and eventually a regulatory solution (a temporary banning of all commercial fishing) was imposed. Meanwhile, nearby in Mississippi, the catfish population increased by 500 per cent during the 1980s. The difference? Redfish, like all other ocean fish, remain the property of everyone. There is no incentive for an individual to limit today's catch to increase tomorrow's harvest. Catfish, on the other hand, are farmed in ponds, where their owners diligently provide them with


"... THE ENVIRONMENTAL PRESIDENT WILL PLANT MILLIONS OF TREES...
"... AND LATER, THE EDUCATION PRESIDENT WILL COME ALONG AND PICK THE MONEY GROWING ON THEM!..."
STATE OF THE UNION
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED

optimum oxygen levels, protection from disease, and whatever else catfish like.

However, if an extension of property rights is to be the basis of a new environmentalism, we must address the problems in adapting traditional legal concepts to new needs. We must in effect extend the concept of fencing from private land to public land, rivers, the sea, and even the atmosphere, and develop methods of identifying and deterring trespassers.

National parks, forests, grazing lands, wildlife refuges, and recreational areas are not in essence different from property now privately held. There are major political obstacles to privatization in these areas, but no major conceptual problems. Wildlife could be owned in the same manner as domestic livestock. In Zimbabwe, tribal communities have the right to dispose of a certain number of elephants as they see fit. Because these elephants have value to their human neighbors, they are safeguarded from poachers and tolerated in places where they would otherwise be regarded as pests. As a result, Zimbabwe's elephant population has increased by over 40 per cent in the last ten years. In Kenya, where hunting has been illegal for the same period, the elephant herds are disappearing at a rate that will bring extinction early next century. In a triumph of environmentalist rhetoric over conservation however the Convention of International Trade in Endangered Species in October 1989 declared all trade in elephant products illegal. The successful elephant-management programs of Zimbabwe and other southern-African countries are now in jeopardy as a result.

More serious problems arise with resources that have few ownership examples. Full property rights may be feasible for some of these. Consider groundwater and its similarity to subterranean oil pools. Both are underground liquid resources; both are subject to depletion and loss of quality. To address these problems, the oil industry has pioneered the concept of "unitization," which entails the assignment of all individual ownership rights to a new entity (the "unit"). The unit manager then operates the field in an integrated fashion and compensates each owner based on individual agreements. That process is complex and costly but has been used successfully by the oil industry for many years and the concept might be extended to aquifers.

Even partial property rights can play a critical role in heading off environmental problems. For example, property rights in shellfish, fish, and waterfowl would create organizations that would be concerned about deterioration in water quality. In Scotland and northern England, property rights to freshwater fish are recognized. In the 1955 *Pride of Darby* case, a fishing club successfully enjoined an upstream polluter from harming its fish, thus improving the quality of the stream as well.

An extension of the property-rights concept to protect urban air is more difficult. Conceptually, one can envision ownership of airsheds; however, we have little understanding of how such properties might be "fenced" or how "trespass" might be detected and prevented. Such problems have led most people to accept political airshed management. But political agencies charged with air-pollution control have veered from ignoring pollution in favor of growth to seeking atmospheric protection with no regard to cost.

A property-rights approach to pollution would unravel the complex sequence of events leading to environmental damage. Tracers might be added to pollutants to ensure that damage was detected early, when the costs of reduction would be lower. (Natural-gas companies employed this method decades ago by adding substances with pronounced odors to reduce the likelihood of undetected gas leaks.) With all potentially damaged resources under private ownership, such a system might even lift the smog in Los Angeles.

Once a property-rights scheme exists, then creative energies will be directed to reducing the costs of fencing and protecting property. An illustration is provided in the difficulty faced by nineteenth-century Western cattle ranchers. Neither wood nor stone fences were feasible in this area; the ranchers thus used branding to distinguish their various herds and made side payments if cattle grazed too often on other ranches. Cowboys were hired to ride the perimeters and drive the cattle back within the property boundaries. The cost of these

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manned fences was high and their effectiveness was low. These drawbacks created a profit potential for anyone inventing a better way of protecting property, and that incentive stimulated the invention of barbed wire. Free-marketeers argue that in areas where solutions are difficult to imagine given current technology, a property-rights regime increases the prospects for better solutions.

Earth's atmosphere is the classic example. The scientific evidence on the likely magnitude of global warming is best characterized as ambiguous. If the greenhouse effect proves to be real, however it will require realistic solutions. An international treaty to reduce greenhouse emissions would not be adhered to. Since there are natural as well as man-made sources of carbon dioxide, methane, and nitrous oxides, verification would be enormously difficult. Carbon taxes and mandated emissions cutbacks would penalize the countries that now supply most of the world's wealth, while blocking an improved standard of living for the developing countries. And all the mitigation strategies so far proposed would only delay the onset of any temperature shift by a matter of years.

This suggests that a policy of resiliency and adaptation is called for. It would be better to reduce the barriers to wealth creation than to spend trillions of dollars in a doomed attempt to beat back the waves of change, whose direction is anyway unpredictable. Greater wealth would make possible many measures which would make climate change less onerous. And as we learn more about the problems, entrepreneurs would have both the knowledge and the incentive to devise imaginative solutions based on property rights.

MEANWHILE, in those areas which are not readily amenable to a property-rights approach, and even in those which are, it is important to stress that there are still other approaches than bureaucratic regulation and command-and-control strategies.

For example, we should first stop the government-subsidized destruction of the environment. A good principle is: First, do no harm. For nearly a century, agricultural agencies and especially the Department of Agriculture have been subsidizing the destruction of wetlands and their conversion to croplands. Perverse incentives such as property taxes based on highest and best use have also encouraged farmers to convert wetlands and riparian areas that would be far more valuable left as they are. If taxes are the same on land yielding two hundred bushels per acre as on land producing twenty bushels, you might as well attempt to get some product from the land. Such examples are commonly used to argue against a profit-oriented agricultural system. But it is not the system that is at fault—it is the government's perverse incentives. The same holds for crop-support schemes that encourage farmers to maximize production by planting roadside-to-roadside and eliminating environmentally valuable hedgerows, windbreaks, shelterbelts, and stream buffers. If we stop encouraging the nation's farmers to destroy environmental amenities, there will be no reason to enforce national or state land-use control, or to take back wetlands through regulation, acquisition, and long prison sentences.

Another singularly important step would be to return to the polluter-pays principle, which has been increasingly abandoned as the environmentalist community has discovered the deep pockets of the Fortune 500. Why hold an individual responsible for his environmental damages, they argue, if one can force an entire well-to-do industry to pay far more? But this not only destroys the incentive for individuals and corporations to assume full responsibility for their actions, but also destroys incentives for innovation, improvements, responsibility, and stewardship by socializing costs and risks.

A striking example where this approach should be brought to bear is the EPA's ambient-air-quality standards for ozone (urban smog) and carbon monoxide. Although only a handful of urban areas still have serious ozone and carbon-monoxide problems, and although a relatively small percentage of cars produce a substantial percentage of the pollution, the regulatory approach has been to force all areas of the country, all cars, and all drivers to bear additional costs regardless of their contributions to such pollution.

It would be better to reduce the barriers to wealth creation than to spend trillions of dollars in a doomed attempt to beat back the waves of change.

Rather than identify the polluting cars and make them pay for the environmental harm they do through some form of pollution surcharge, the regulatory approach has been to force society to bear the costs by mandating the installation of on-board canisters (which pose fire risks) on all new automobiles and expensive Stage II gasoline pumps to recover vapors. What these efforts will do is to continue to waste the accumulated wealth of society, force cleanups in areas that don't need them, keep older, more pollutive cars on the road longer, and drive marginal gas stations out of business.

For a long time the USSR was superior to the U.S. in urban air pollution caused by private automobiles, because for all intents and purposes there were no private automobiles. Attempting to duplicate that dubious achievement in the U.S. today hardly seems an enlightened form of environmental protection.

People matter. Given the chance, they can and will assume stewardship over portions of the environment. In contrast, current policies assign the individual no role, save to lobby for more powers for the state, for higher

(Continues on page 59)

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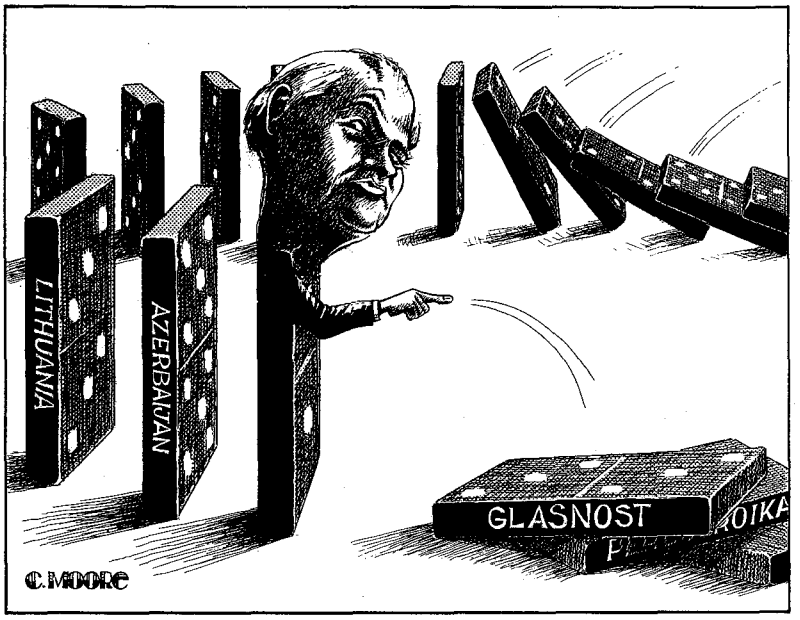

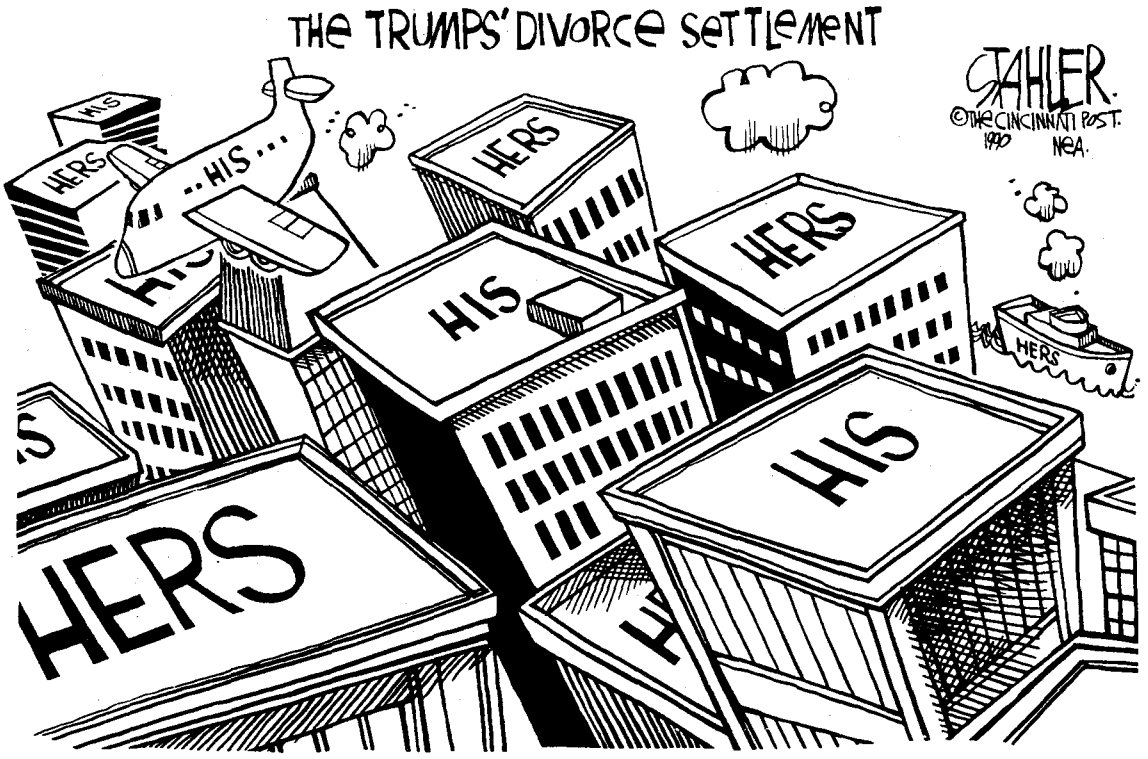

Snow? No!

"A snowflake is a miracle
And every one unique,"
The poet murmurs, lyrical.
I have a hunch he'll speak
In reverent prose that way when he's
Indoors, and warm and dry.
His "miracles" above my knees,
My shovel deep in frost and freeze,
Who sings a song of rapture, please,
Of miracles? Not I!

MAUREEN CANNON

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...AS A LEFT-WING, TIN-HORN DICTATOR, YOU'D THINK I HAD MORE SENSE THAN TO HOLD A FREE DEMOCRATIC ELECTION...
DOE
The Dallas Morning News '90. Universal Press Syndicate 2/28

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
WEDDINGS, ETC.
East Germany to Wed Successful Industrialist
East Germany, daughter of the late Joseph Stalin of Moscow, has announced her engagement to West Germany of Bonn.
The bride, 40, is a former Marxist ideologue who was active in Olympic shotputting and weight-lifting. A resident of Berlin and Leipzig, Ms. Germany made her debut in 1968, riding a tank into Prague.
The bride's father, Mr. Stalin, was a founding partner of Hitler & Stalin, a major mergers and acquisitions firm in the early forties.
The bridegroom, 40, distant cousin of the bride, was a Marshall Plan Scholar and received an M.B.A. from NATO.
Mr. Germany's father was a prominent National Socialist who lost a bid for world domination in 1945.
East Germany

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DEAR COMANDANTES

Will the Sandinistas Give Up Power?

After the despair of electoral defeat, the Sandinistas are coming to the liberating realization that if you embody the popular will, you don't have to abide by it.

AMBROSE EVANS-PRITCHARD

MANAGUA—Two years ago a remote-controlled mine blew up a truck in the mountains of northern Nicaragua, killing 24 civilians. The Sandinistas, of course, blamed the Contras. They then turned the incident into propaganda, naming their new economic plan "The Martyrs of Quilali" in memory of the victims. The *Washington Post* and the American television networks reported it as a Contra atrocity, one of the worst ever. A few days later the United States Congress cut off military aid to the Contras for the last time.

It now appears that the Contras were framed. Six of the survivors believe that they were ambushed by a unit of the Sandinista People's Army. They were on a special excursion to visit relatives living in Contra camps on the other side of the Honduran border. Nine other witnesses back up their version with circumstantial evidence. They did not volunteer this information. Only after months of hesitation did these humble *campesinos* overcome their fear and agree to speak about the massacre.

One day somebody should build a little monument to "The Martyrs of Quilali," for their story says so much about the nature of Sandinismo, and about the American media. It is not that foreign correspondents have deliberately misreported events in Central America. The problem is that so many of them first went to the region a decade ago for political reasons, anticipating another Vietnam. They started out as fellow-travelers, began to make a living as freelance journalists, and were finally recruited by the Grand Press because they spoke Spanish and knew the "story." If there had been conservative freelancers in Central America perhaps some of them would have been recruited too, but such people never existed. The field was left open.

Mr. Evans-Pritchard is a freelance writer living in Guatemala.

Over the years the foreign media here have formed a subculture of their own, meeting for breakfast at the Intercontinental Hotel in Managua or the Camino Real in San Salvador. They have a moral mission, and an unconscious double standard. The Salvadoran army commits genocide: the Sandinistas commit mistakes. In El Salvador the abuses are systematic: in Nicaragua they are caused by an excess of enthusiasm, or by the confusion of the moment, or by "*compañeros*" who have not been adequately "*conscientizado*."

THE CHIEF INSTRUMENT of Sandinista control has always been economic. Food ration cards (now abolished) were distributed by the Sandinista block warden, a derivation of the Nazi *Blockwart*. Workers who refused to join the Sandinista Labor Federation were denied "CAT" cards that allowed them to shop at the state-run supermarkets, where prices were a fraction of the street prices. Farmers had trouble getting fertilizer, seeds, etc., if they did not join the Sandinista farmers union. Those who did not toe the line found their credit applications turned down by the nationalized banks. Without credit they were forced to decapitalize their farms, which then were at risk of confiscation by the state.

If economic coercion failed, the Sandinistas knew how to escalate. In 1986 the entire youth organization of the Independent Liberal Party was drafted into the army, according to the party leader Virgilio Godoy. Ultimately, there was always violence in reserve, dispensed by the General Directorate of State Security. It would detain, threaten, and sometimes kill opponents of the regime. An Americas Watch report last November documented 74 murders and 14 disappearances in northern Nicaragua from 1987 through early 1989. The report was sev-

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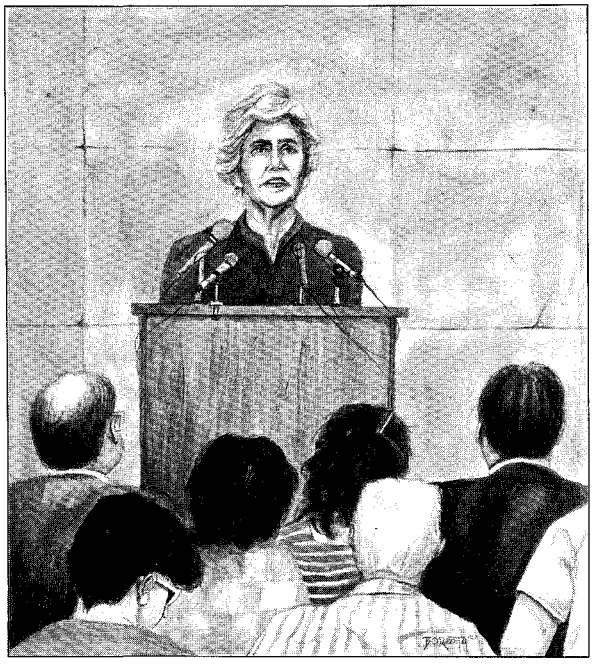
eral years too late. If human-rights organizations had done their homework in the early Eighties American journalists would not have been able to indulge their illusions about Sandinismo.

True, the totalitarian system never worked properly. It proved impossible to regiment this open culture with its irreverent, stubborn people. Nevertheless, the repression was enough to drive opposition sentiment underground, beyond the reach of opinion polls. Since most journalists have never admitted to themselves that such a system exists, they took the polls at face value—hence their preposterous predictions of a landslide for the Sandinista Front.

For almost a decade Sandinismo has been the *cause célèbre* of intellectuals throughout Christendom. Tens of thousands of "Sandalistas" have forged their anti-Americanism in the hot ashes of Nicaragua, coming in brigades to pick cotton alongside *campesinos* armed with AK-47 assault rifles. It has been the great romantic event of their lives. I will never forget the sight of the German brigade as they arrived for breakfast the morning after the elections. There were about 12 of them, young, unwashed, outlandish. The men wore black berets, earrings, and the red-and-black bandanas of the Sandinista Front. They had mutton-chop whiskers, apparently in fashion at German universities nowadays. One of the women had her hair spiked and dyed jet black. She wore the headband of the FSLN. Across the front of her T-shirt one could just make out the crumpled face of Daniel Ortega.



They were not prepared for the terrible blow that was to come. Nobody had ever told them that the Front might lose. As the news sank in they stood dumbfounded, shaking with emotion. The woman with the spiked hair slumped into a chair next to me, weeping softly. "It undermines the whole Left, it undermines everything," she muttered in German. Indeed it does. The Nicaraguan people have extinguished the romantic dream in the most subversive way possible, by ballot. They voted against all this romance, and poetry, and patriotism, and revolutionary machismo. They want to be dull, like Costa Ricans. Dull and fat in the American back yard.

I strolled through the ruins of old Managua in the early-morning sun. Herds of cattle were already grazing. Naked urchins scuttled in and out of collapsed buildings, living like troglodytes. Scrawled across the walls were the words TODO SERÁ MEJOR (everything will get better), the plaintive election cry of the Sandinistas. I went on down to the lakefront to revisit the scene of Ortega's last stand. Five days earlier the Sandinistas had held the biggest political rally in the history of Nicaragua. State workers had been brought by truck from every corner of the country to a flood-lit amphitheater ringed by huge red-and-black banners. Cheerleaders had kept the refrain alive as Ortega fired the crowd with militant, defiant, empty words. It had been a spectacular rally, fascist through and through. Now there was nothing but a field of litter. Perhaps a hundred thousand Sandinista flags lay strewn across the grass. Nicaraguans had not seen anything quite as fatuous since Anastasio Somoza held his last great rally in 1979, just weeks before his fall.

DANIEL ORTEGA will hand over the presidency. That much is certain. He seems serene, almost jaunty, now that he has done the awful deed and conceded his defeat. But does he speak for the Sandinista Front? Seven of the nine *comandantes* in the National Directorate were conspicuously absent when Ortega emerged at six in the morning to make his rambling concession speech. Their attitude became apparent two days later when the Front unleashed a huge crowd of militants in the Plaza de la República protesting that the elections had been stolen, that the CIA had paid people $100 each to vote for Mrs. Chamorro. It was impossible to reason with these intoxicated fanatics as they screamed, "We'll never give up our arms, never, never, never."

Violeta Chamorro has promised reconciliation. "There will be no winners and losers here," she says. But that would be impossible if there were a genuine transfer of power. The Nicaraguan state is politicized from top to bottom. There are thousands of party commissars living off the patronage of the Sandinista machine. "There are seven of them who cause all the trouble at the hospital where I work," says Dr. Denis Pena, a gastroenterologist and an UNO (united opposition) deputy from the small town of Boaco. "We know exactly who they are. Our plan is to disperse them gradually, isolate them, and find them a job somewhere else."

The *nomenklatura* would not get off so lightly if UNO got its hands on the state. They drive Russian Ladas provided by the state and live rent-free in houses confiscated from supposed Somocistas. Daniel Ortega, for instance, lives in the home of Jaime Morales, a former employee of the Nicaraguan development institute who happened to be abroad when the Marxist students seized power in 1979. By no stretch of the term can Morales be considered a Somocista. He used to write a weekly column for *La Prensa*, the scourge of Somoza. There are countless tales like this in Nicaragua. A few apparatchiks of the Sandinista Front would manage to

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hold onto their jobs if the Front gave up power, though not the stolen houses. A few would get by working for a much reduced Sandinista party (funded by the Cuban government). Most would have to go out and scramble for a living in the economic wreckage that they caused, but have not yet suffered. Their lives would be turned upside down.

But the Sandinistas will not have to give up power. They are laying the groundwork for what amounts to a *putsch*. In the northern town of Jinotega two MI-25 helicopter gunships rocketed the house of Trinidad Ubeda. He had had the temerity to raise the blue-and-white banner of UNO. In other towns gangs of Red- and Blackshirts have been roving the streets stoning the homes of opposition leaders, while riot police stand by watching. In Esteli, Somoto, and Ocotal, bursts of automatic-rifle fire can be heard in the night. UNO supporters are nowhere to be seen. They have not dared to hold victory celebrations in most of Nicaragua. Instead, they have retreated into their houses, afraid that the sporadic intimidation is going to graduate into state terror once the foreign observers have left.

The Sandinista condition for the transfer of government is a total veto of UNO's electoral platform. Ortega has warned that the Front will not allow the privatization of the banking system, of foreign commerce, or of collective farms. No public employees can be fired. The colossal corporate state cannot be touched. It is written into the Sandinista constitution, which UNO cannot amend because it lacks a three-fifths majority in the Assembly. "The Sandinista Front will be alert and vigilant in case there is the slightest alteration in the guarantees established by our constitution," warned Ortega.

The first line of resistance is the Sandinista labor movement. Two political officers of the Association of Farm Workers in Matagalpa told me that they would block any attempt to privatize state coffee plantations, or change the management in any way. How would they do this? I asked. "We have the arms, don't we?" came the reply.

Several hundred thousand people have been given weapons in Nicaragua, perhaps a fifth of the adult population. Block captains in the poor barrios and delegates of the Sandinista Youth have AK-47 rifles at home, hanging on the kitchen door or hidden under the bed. So do peasants in state cooperatives. Indeed, almost anybody who belongs to an organization considered loyal to

(Continues on page 59)

CARTER BRINGS BACK MEMORIES

WASHINGTON—Warning to President-elect Violeta Chamorro: Your biggest problem may not be the Sandinistas.

When the Nicaraguan voters soundly rejected the Sandinistas and their oppressive reign, former President Jimmy Carter, in Managua to monitor the elections, quickly undermined their democratic decision by legitimizing the defeated regime's "reasonable" claim to retain military and police power until the Contras disarm and disband.

Carter has also left observer staff chief Robert Pastor—the Carter White House's Latin America expert who set the disastrous policy that helped the Sandinistas gain power in 1979—to advise Mrs. Chamorro during the transition period. With no prominent U.S. official currently in Nicaragua, Mrs. Chamorro is forced to regard the former President's personal opinions as U.S. policy.

Mr. Carter's swift switch from preeminent poll watcher to on-the-scene creator of America's Nicaragua policy came on election eve. That's when he urged the Bush Administration to "move immediately toward reconciliation [and] lift its economic embargo," even if the Sandinistas won.

On election night, Mr. Carter blasted *los Yanquis*, telling NBC news, "I don't think the role of the United States has been constructive at all. . . . We financed a war that had so many casualties. The nation's economy has been destroyed."

But Mr. Carter's big policy-making foray came the next day when he endorsed the Sandinistas' claim that military control could not be relinquished until the Contras were disarmed. The Sandinistas, Carter said, "have expresssed their conviction" that disarming the rebels "has got to be done before they are willing to leave . . . I think this is a reasonable statement of fact, it's not an ultimatum or demand."

Carter's move both undercut Mrs. Chamorro—she must honor the losers' demands before getting full power, something which would be intolerable in a functioning democratic society—and refocused media attention on a favorite target: the Contras. They, not the Sandinistas just trounced by Nicaraguan voters, are once again portrayed as the country's "real" problem. It's not the first time this defeated U.S. President has shown that he is out of touch with a nation's electorate.

Carter's team has also earned slaps for its refusal to document and criticize the Sandinistas' dirty campaigning. The team, led by Pastor, virtually ignored endless Sandinista abuses, including violence, intimidation of workers, shutting down public transportation to UNO rallies, barring Mrs. Chamorro access to state-run media, denying voter registration to thousands, etc. Even on election day, the Sandinistas cut UNO telephone lines and moved or refused to open polling stations in a number of UNO strongholds. Ironically, Pastor was reamed in public by Senator Pat Leahy (D., Vt.), who had been forced to sleep in a dingy shack with a bucket and ladle for a shower, because of Pastor's sloppy advance work.

Republicans give Carter high grades for his pre-election work, but they wish that he would let things be now that his job is over. "He performed a useful service because he had the confidence of the Sandinistas," says Representative Henry Hyde (R., Ill.). "Unfortunately, he is viewed as the voice of America and is now reinforcing the failed policy of his own Administration."

—JACK FOWLER

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Arabian Days

The world's largest oil producer, a free-enterprise economy, and a U.S. ally, Saudi Arabia has everything going for it. But can it modernize and stay true to Islam?

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

Tuesday/Wednesday

"NO ONE lies like an eyewitness," says the Russian proverb. First impressions of a closed society like Saudi Arabia must be taken with a pinch of cardamom. Nontheless they are: Riyadh Airport—an ornate marble palace from the Arabian Nights (of which a Saudi economist will later say, "I could have built three airports with the money spent on that"). Riyadh itself, which expanded outward from the old medieval city in a sudden eruption of highways and sky-scrapers—a Southern California landscape populated by Arabs ("an oil-rush town," a city planner says later). Yet the people themselves, almost all wearing traditional Arab dress, make Riyadh extremely "foreign." After a few days, I discovered that many people in the *thawb* held PhDs from American universities. Was this perception of "foreignness" merely a provincial reaction on my part? After a further week I learned that the same Saudis can move at will between the Western world of LBOs and Hollywood and a Saudi one of sexual separatism and Islamic banking, and I realized that Saudi Arabia is indeed a very different society. You have been warned. Now read on.

My first appointments were at King Saud University, a high-roofed, airy campus with an indoor fountain in the Islamic style. No doubt my economist friend could have built three universities with the money spent on KSU. But there were no universities in the Kingdom thirty years ago; today there are seven. The social consequences of this are hard to forecast. There will be more educated Saudis which would usually mean a more open, liberal society. But Saudi universities are Islamic institutions with high technical standards, modern equipment, and able professors (some from the West, most from Egypt), but with certain boundaries to scholarship. There is, for instance, no philosophy department at KSU since the Koran removes the need for such speculation. And as more Saudis are educated at home, fewer will experience the liberal atmosphere of the Western campus which has helped make the Saudi elite one of the most sophisticated in the Middle East. So the net effect may be to strengthen a religious conservatism which is already strong.

Lunch was in the charming garden of Abdulaziz Al-Dukheil, a former deputy economics minister, now a consultant, who had invited along an impressive cross-section of the Saudi establishment. It rained, but too lightly to drive us inside until coffee—almost the ideal omen in a desert kingdom where rain is scarce.

The Saudi establishment, traditionally cautious, has held aloof from the various Mideast wars since 1945. But the mood of the lunch reflected a new political and economic bullishness. The economy is in its second year of recovery after six years of slumping oil prices; the failure of surrounding socialist economies puts the Saudis' free market resilience in a very good light; and the Iran–Iraq cease-fire has restored economic activity in the Gulf. Only the previous month, my host had predicted at a Manila conference that world economic growth following the end of the cold war would produce an oil price fluctuating between $15 and $25 a barrel which would, of course, substantially boost Saudi revenues.

TRADITIONAL REGIMES are much more confident as Communism collapses than in the heydays of Nasser and Khomeini. So the Saudis are playing a more active role in Mideast diplomacy. King Fahd had only recently brought the Lebanese factions together for negotiations in his summer palace. In the Gulf Saudi leadership is exercised through such institutions as the

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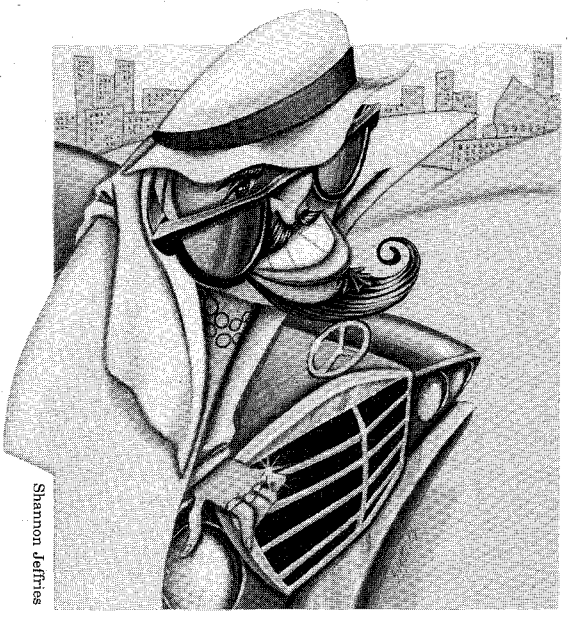
Gulf Cooperation Council. Dr. Al-Dukheil predicts that the GCC countries may give birth to a Gulf stock market and financial center linking the Middle East with Europe, the U.S., and the Far East in the next decade.

This Arab–Western cooperation was only threatened, I was told by host and guests alike, by continuing Western support for Israeli "intransigence" over the Palestinian issue. This was the first of many such occasions on my trip when I was exposed to the full blast of Arab feeling on the Mideast dispute, a blast no less forceful for being courteously expressed. Treated as almost a representative of the Israeli government (which would horrify Tel Aviv), I gradually became quite skillful at defending the Israeli position even where I differed from it. But on this first occasion I merely pointed out that though U.S. opinion was undoubtedly disturbed by the suppression of the *intifada*, Congress would always come to the assistance of an Israel under serious strategic threat.


Shannon Jeffries

My last appointment that day was with Prince Abdullah bin Faisal bin Turki al-Saud, very much a "working prince" in charge of the development of the two industrial cities of Jubail and Yanbu which I am due to visit the following week. Fortunately, his tolerance of journalists had not been seriously dented by the television talk-show host who introduced him once as someone "whose country is the family business."

Thursday

The Islamic weekend begins on a Thursday, but a few members of the American Businessmen's Group gave up golf to argue the case for a more "even-handed" U.S. policy towards the Middle East: there is great goodwill toward the U.S. among Saudis, many of whom have been educated stateside; moderate Arab states deserve some reward for their moderation; and arms deals vetoed by Congress then go to U.S. competitors which impose fewer strategic limitations to protect Israel. The awful warning in this scenario is the collapse of the F-18 deal leading to the "Sale of the Century" when the British stepped in and sold the rival Tornado to Riyadh. "It was all wrapped up by the Saudis and Margaret Thatcher in an afternoon," said one aggrieved expatriate. "Very simple. They dealt with her as the leader of the British tribe who could make a decision on the spot. But they cannot understand who has the power in Washington between the President, the Congress, the Pentagon, and the State Department." Of course, you don't have to be Saudi to be baffled by the Beltway.

I went onto lunch with two of the group at a traditional Arab restaurant. The food was delicious but came with a small surprise: there was an open eating area for men, and a "family" area of curtained booths for men and women together, and with children. These booths were, as it happens, not unlike the discreet private rooms in which Edwardian swells entertained actresses. But I suppose it's the thought that counts.

Dinner that night was at the home of Sheik Suliman Olayan, who started out as a mechanic working for Aramco, was encouraged by the company to set up independently, and now runs his own international conglomerate. Also active in private diplomacy on the Arab–Israeli dispute (the Council on Foreign Relations and all that), he had assembled a distinguished mix of Arab and Western diplomats over a splendid dinner.

Sheik Suliman greeted me by asking had I read "Israel's Dilemma," in *Foreign Affairs* by Amos Perlmutter who, as it happens, is an old friend of mine and an acquaintance of his. "He is a tough Zionist," said the sheik, "but a realist who accepts that there must be compromises on both sides." (Translation: not a supporter of Likud.) Amos's plan appealed to those present because, like solutions advanced by the sheik and others, it rests partly on the idea of a common market uniting Israel, Jordan, and a new Palestinian state on the West Bank. This appealed to the sheik's sense of long-term commercial interest. Once the businessmen on both sides started trading with each other in a large open market, they would quickly establish a binding network of mutually profitable arrangements. The economic success of such a system would make it not only popular in the countries concerned, but also impressive to other Arab states. Within a few years, Israel would be recognized by the Arab League states.

How realistic, in fact, is such a plan? Would Syria or Libya recognize "the Zionist entity"? If not, would Israel take the risk of a Palestinian state becoming another Lebanon? Until the Israeli political crisis is resolved, the prospects for *any* peace plan are not good. Much Arab hope therefore reposes in the United States Government's applying pressure on Israel to make concessions. Which partly explains the passionate argumentation I met throughout the trip.

Friday

John Thomson, a former commercial counselor at the U.S. Embassy who stayed on in private business (who recently reported for *NR* on the Cambodian civil war), drove me with his vivacious wife, Tika, and his family into the desert for a picnic. Along the way, we passed long spidery mechanical arms on wheels transcribing vast circles of what had been desert and spraying water onto the crops. Wheat growing is lavishly subsidized by the government. But the law of unintended conse-

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quences has intervened. Underground aquifers have been seriously depleted and Saudi Arabia now faces the prospect of a water shortage by the turn of the century.

THE PICNIC turned out to be a sumptuous affair in a carpeted bedouin tent on the farm of Abdullalatif Saleh Al Sheik, whose interests also include a fully computerized animal-feed factory (operated by only two men) and a fish farm which supplies either 1,800 or 18,000 fish to the market daily. (My notes are unclear, but both figures astonish me.) Among the other guests were a West German entrepreneur who, disillusioned at grandiose World Bank projects, establishes small-scale agricultural schemes in the Third World, and a cheerful Australian on holiday who owned up to being Colonel Qaddafi's agricultural adviser ("Nice chap, very easy-going, when you get to know him.")

One of the new breed of Saudi entrepreneur, Sheik Abdullalatif is also a respected member of his clan. During the picnic, he extended hospitality and cardamom-scented Arabic coffee to various bedouin tribesmen passing by.

Saudi social and political life rests on this idea of access which reaches via a network of client-patron relationships up to King Fahd himself. Civil servants regularly receive inquiries from the king about decisions that petitioners feel discriminate against them. This right of access undoubtedly keeps the Saudi royal family in touch with popular grievances. But apologists who see this as an efficient substitute for formal democracy forget that a clash of petitions is likely to be decided in private in favor of the more influential patron. Arabic politics thus becomes, as David Pryce-Jones argues in his underground classic *The Closed Circle* (underground in Saudi Arabia that is, I met one Saudi who had a smuggled copy), a rivalry between different power-holders, each supported by large factions of clients. In Saudi Arabia, this rivalry is restrained and channeled by traditional custom; in radical regimes like Syria and Iraq, it is literally murderous.

Saturday

I began the day at the King Faisal Center for Research and Islamic Studies which serves as a center of study and documentation for the entire Islamic world. As well as restoring ancient manuscripts, it maintains a well-stocked reference room (Heritage Foundation publications on display) and modern library. What was I interested in? Kemal Ataturk, I replied, an Islamic apostate and irreligious oppressor. Neither the curator nor the computer batted an eyelid, and the latter spat out 61 titles. I chose six and, at the curator's push of a button, the stacks obligingly swung open at the right place and red lights flashed to indicate the position of the books.

Faisal deserves the attention of Western conservatives. Strongly anti-Communist and anti-Nasserist (and, it must be said, anti-Zionist), he ruled from 1964 until his assassination in 1975 and forged an Islamic alliance of conservative regimes against the Arab League then dominated by Egypt. But it was in his strategy for modernizing Saudi Arabia that he showed himself to be a truly imaginative conservative statesman.

There are three broad approaches to developing a backward country. Ataturk had taken Turkey on a forced march to modernity, adopting secularism and overriding tradition. Turkey is at long last beginning to prosper, but for many years its people were paralyzed by this collective psychic shock. The second method was tried by the Shah: to ignore tradition and religion and to proceed with industrial modernization as if there were no obstacles in the way. That produced hostility to modernization, popular resistance, and, in due course, an atavistic revolution. Faisal embarked on a strategy of development through tradition: protecting Islam, encouraging Arab customs (including traditional Arab dress), and maintaining family life against "Western values." (Foreign newspapers have large black ink squares blotting out alcohol advertisements or revealing photographs of women.) At the same time he would *entice* the Saudi people into education and economic progress by demonstrating their benefits.

It was in his strategy for modernizing Saudi Arabia that King Faisal showed himself to be a truly imaginative conservative statesman.

The deputy minister of commerce, Dr. Abdul Rahman Al Zamil, whom I saw later that day, gave an example. A village had protested against a school for girls in its area. Faisal agreed not to proceed, but stipulated that parents who wanted their girls educated could bus them to the school in a nearby village. The school was a good one. Soon most of the girls were being bussed. The parents then demanded a local school. Faisal consented. Forty thousand women today attend college.

BUT HAS Faisal won the larger battle of attitudes? Are Saudis prepared to do the menial jobs now performed by Filipinos? Can they do the skilled technical jobs now performed by Western expatriates? Will they move into the private sector now that comfortable jobs in the bureaucracy are no longer available? Is there such a thing as an Islamic work ethic? And will Islam bend sufficiently for women to play a wider professional role?

Dinner that evening at John Thomson's home was a marvelously convivial occasion. I wondered just why I was enjoying it so much, apart from the food and conversation, when I realized that it was only the second meal at which women had been present. □

Part II of "Arabian Days" will appear next issue.

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Legalize Drugs: Just Say Never

MARK S. GOLD

I AM AGAINST legalizing illicit drugs. My position is predictable, given my role as a physician, drug researcher, and founder of the 800-COCAINE hotline. While the arguments in favor of legalization derive from social theory, my arguments are based on real-life experience as a specialist in substance-abuse treatment who has spent years trying to help users stop taking drugs.

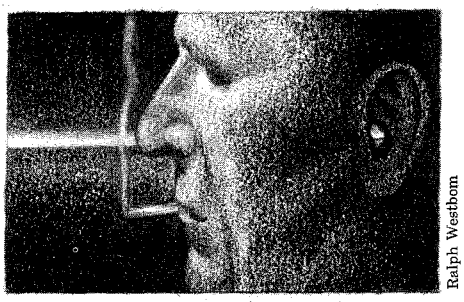
Dr. Gazzaniga ["The Federal Drugstore," Feb. 5] seems to think that drugs should be considered innocent—that is, harmless—until proven guilty. This places the burden of proof upon the wrong shoulders. His comments contain more errors and contradictions than I have space to correct. I will confine my responses to what I see as the four basic arguments for legalization.

1. "We might as well legalize; nothing else seems to work." Wrong.

The most recent studies by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) tell a different story. These studies—which Dr. Gazzaniga himself cites—found that in 1978, only 35 per cent of high-school seniors believed that marijuana posed a great risk to health. A decade later, 77 per cent felt that way—a rise of 120 per cent. In the same period, daily use of marijuana by seniors fell from 10.7 per cent to 2.7 per cent—a drop of 75 per cent. In the general population, use of marijuana fell 28 per cent in a year. The difference? Education. When people learn the risks, drug use falls.

The same is true of cocaine. Today, nearly 90 per cent of seniors disapprove of cocaine use, and in just one year the proportion of them who used cocaine dropped 20 per cent. Among the population as a whole, cocaine use fell 33 per cent. Use of all illicit drugs is down 37 per cent.

We *are* getting the anti-drug message across. This is precisely *not* the time to surrender to the temptations of legalization.



Ralph Westbom

2. "Legalization won't increase the number of addicts." Dr. Gazzaniga "guesses" that crack isn't more addictive than other forms of cocaine. This guess is naïve and dangerous. It is like saying that sucking a coca leaf is as dangerous as snorting cocaine. Basic research has shown that route of administration determines absorption, time to peak euphoria, and peak drug concentration at the target organ—the brain. Crack is more addictive and more rapidly addictive than other forms of cocaine. In our 800-COCAINE surveys of thousands of drug users we discovered that, while people might snort cocaine for five years before becoming addicted, crack smokers report being hooked within two months. Three million people have called 800-COCAINE, and many of them have told us that their greatest fear is getting a raise or even winning the lottery—they know that more money means more drugs and that more drugs threaten their very lives. If Dr. Gazzaniga could only listen for an hour to callers telling how quickly their lives were ruined by crack, I doubt he would continue to claim that crack is only *perceived* to be more addictive. It *is* more addictive.

Dr. Gazzaniga claims the level of drug consumption has little to do with whether drugs are illegal. He is wrong. Surveys sponsored by the Partnership for a Drug Free America find repeatedly that the greatest deterrent to drug use is *fear*—fear of getting caught, fear of punishment, fear of harm. Without legal sanctions against drugs, we lose a key defensive weapon.

3. "Tobacco and alcohol are legal, why not other drugs?" Right now illicit drugs cause approximately six thousand deaths a year. That total would soar under legalization. Thanks to crack, cocaine is now the number-one reason for drug-related emergency-room visits, and it tops the list of causes of death—ahead of alcohol—on coroners' reports.

Those favoring legalizing drugs argue that Prohibition failed to stop drinking. Failed? Prohibition reduced drinking by one-third, and produced a 64 per cent drop in deaths from cirrhosis and a 53 per cent drop in admissions to mental hospitals. Alcohol and tobacco have been a deadly part of American life for at least three hundred years; adding more potentially dangerous drugs would only increase the toll of death and destruction.

Dr. Gazzaniga repeatedly points out gaps in our knowledge about drugs: There are "no solid data" that crack is more addictive; we need a "science of comparative pharmacology" and "more serious research" on neurobiological issues. I agree absolutely.

TO ILLUSTRATE why we need more information: In 1983, a caller to 800-COCAINE asked if there were studies proving cocaine would harm her unborn baby. I told her there were no studies available at the time, but if you use coke while pregnant your child will certainly end up in such a study. Today, of course, we are treating thousands of babies born addicted to cocaine. Similarly, a few years ago we lacked data showing the impact of cocaine on the heart. But Dr. Gazzaniga himself cites a study from the *New England Journal of Medicine* showing that doses of cocaine *smaller than the amount needed for anesthesia* can trigger heart attacks and cause heart-muscle damage. The prudent thing is to wait until *all* the facts are in before we even consider legalizing.

4. "Legalization means less crime." That is, if addicts can buy crack at the local 7-Eleven, they won't have to rob old ladies to pay for drugs. While the crimes associated with heroin are usu-

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ally committed while the patient is in withdrawal—that is, while desperately trying to get another fix—cocaine-related crimes are committed while the user is in the drugged state.

Cocaine in crack form makes users notoriously irritable and prone to violence. Miami residents are afraid to honk their horns lest they offend an irritable crack addict. In the first quarter of 1989, 76 per cent of all people arrested in New York City had cocaine in their urine, even though cocaine is quickly eliminated from the body. With every new study the cocaine–crime link is being proved. This statistical link is supported by real-life data: a January 1990 survey of crack users by 800-COCAINE found that nearly 25 per cent admitted to committing a violent crime while under the influence of crack.

For some drug users, crime is their business. Just making drugs available legally won't turn these users into model citizens. Yes, without drug dealers we might temporarily clear a court docket—only to crowd it again with cases involving drug fallout: claims for damages due to drug-related accidents and negligence, assaults, rapes, robberies . . . the list will go on.

Legalizers argue that we can take the money we save on courts and jails and spend it on treatment. What treatment? Right now there are *no* treatments for cocaine emergencies or cocaine overdose, no cures for cocaine addiction. The only 100 per cent sure way to treat cocaine disorders is to prevent them from ever starting in the first place.

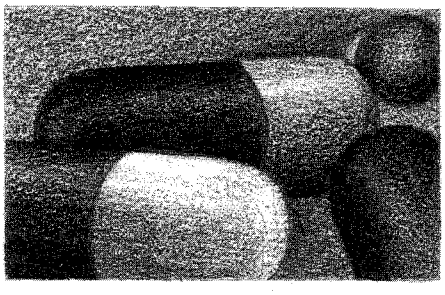
Dr. Gazzaniga blithely says that if the legalization experiment fails, "It would take five minutes to reverse." How many years did it take to get warning labels on alcohol and cigarettes? And it takes much longer than five minutes to reverse the birth defects, developmental problems, cardiac and lung problems, psychiatric disorders, and seizures that drugs cause. And we can't reverse death—not in five minutes, not ever. □

Never, Again

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

DRUGS INCAPACITATE addicts (thereupon supported by taxpayers through welfare), lead to irresponsible behavior, destroy families, and demoralize communities. So far outlawing drugs has not much reduced sales. Nonetheless, people oppose legalization because lower prices and more availability will sell more drugs, just as they sell more hamburgers. (If legal drugs were made expensive by taxation illegal imports would remain too profitable.) Surrender by legalization certainly won't cut drug use. Sure, alcohol, arguably, is no better than drugs. But allowing an old evil hardly argues for allowing a new one.

In effect we currently punish only drug sellers, largely because they get rich while the buyers are destroyed. It seems reasonable to punish the dealer rather than his victim—we regard buyers as victims and sick persons. Yet, shouldn't they bear some responsibility? Sellers don't *make* anyone buy (they don't even advertise). Nothing compels the not (yet) addicted recreational users to buy drugs. Buyers create the market. They make it profitable to produce, import, and sell the stuff. No buyers, no market, no profit—and no dealers. Currently, demand causes profits so great that any imprisoned seller is readily replaced by others eager to risk any punishment to reap their profits—wherefore punishing mainly dealers won't help at all.



Ralph Westborn

Deterring buyers by punishment is our only hope. The threat of effective and severe punishment would deter most. The great majority, after all, are, as yet, casual users who *may* become addicted. They are hardly ever punished. Solid members of the community, they have no criminal records and get probation if ever they are arrested. However, there are far more buyers than sellers. Where would we imprison the buyers?

If we are serious about the "war on drugs" we should send them to prisoner-of-war camps and expect them to work. Our roads and bridges urgently need repair. (Some of the work requires special skills; but only some.) How will we get the prisoners to work well? The sentence should be mandatory, one year for the first offense. (No probation.) Nothing less will be a serious threat. Confiscation of vehicles and suspension of driving licenses should be part of the punishment. However, half of the sentence should be remitted for good work and good behavior. That incentive will suffice; and work is as rehabilitative as anything can be. Camps would be inexpensive: most prisoners would rather serve six months than become fugitives for life. Hence little expensive security is needed. The camps might pay for themselves.

This is harsh and bitter medicine. Yet, nothing less will be effective—and recreational users can avoid the risk of prison by avoiding drugs. They will, once they see the threat is serious. If, however, we are unwilling to administer the medicine, we should surrender and legalize. Punishing dealers and asking Colombia to prevent American buyers from getting the stuff won't do much.

Professor Gazzaniga offers some curious arguments for legalization.

1. "For every crack-related death there are three hundred tobacco-related deaths." Does this mean anything other than that more people smoke tobacco? That hardly is news. If Gazzaniga is suggesting that tobacco is more lethal than crack, he has to give data per one thousand users, compare ages, consumption rates, previous health, etc. As it is, his point is irrelevant both to comparative lethality and to legalization.

2. According to Gazzaniga, crack is not directly criminogenic. True: nothing is *directly*. But crack, even more than alcohol, induces irresponsibility, violence, and crime. (Tobacco does not.)

3. According to Gazzaniga, if it were legalized, people would prefer cocaine to crack as the relative price of cocaine fell. Perhaps. No evidence is presented for this speculation.

4. "A base rate of consumption is achieved one way or another," al-

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though Gazzaniga admits that sociocultural circumstances modify it. (If so, how is it a base rate?)

a) Anyway, a prohibitive law is part of the social circumstances and can reduce the "base rate." Thus the "base rate" does not argue for legalization.

b) Since consumption has varied over space and time, no "base rate" can actually be projected. Sure, there are limits to everything, but that does not get us anywhere. Neither Gazzaniga nor I know how elastic consumption actually is.

5. According to Gazzaniga, more availability does not lead to more consumption or to more addiction. Really? Why do physicians (high availability) have higher addiction rates than members of all other professions? Further, Gazzaniga's own example—Vietnam—contradicts him. Many soldiers became habituated and addicted in Vietnam because of availability, cheapness, and their boredom. (Here the "base rate" is forgotten.) They stopped, Gazzaniga says, upon returning home. The different environment cured them. (Gazzaniga does not mention higher prices.) Right. Where would Gazzaniga find the different environment for those who become addicted upon legalization, owing to greater availability and cheapness? How would *they* be cured?

Professor Gazzaniga stresses that, given the opportunity, not everybody becomes a consumer, not all consumers become addicts, not all addicts become violent—and that tobacco is bad for you. All true—but hardly arguments for legalization. Professor Gazzaniga's competence in neuroscience is not at issue. It does not suffice, however, to suggest, or even to pertinently argue, about social policy. □

Just the Facts, Fellas

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

Ernest van den Haag seems to have some ideas about how to stop drug abuse. He wants to throw users of drugs into jail. If that represents the social ideas of an expert on social policy, I will stick with my approach.

1. I bring tobacco into the controversy simply to underline the duplicity and confusion that is everywhere on policy issues concerning drug abuse. In fact, tobacco is vastly more lethal than crack. Fifty million Americans smoke and four hundred thousand each year die tobacco-related deaths. Five hundred thousand use crack and a few hundred die crack-related deaths. (The crack-related figure is in fact overestimated because it is counted as a "related" death if cocaine was found in the blood. In most cases, it is another drug used in combination with crack that causes the death.) Thus, one out of every hundred or so smokers dies a tobacco-related death. One out of every 2,500 crack users dies. All of this is to put the crack problem in perspective and not to deny the seriousness of drug abuse in any way.

2. The crack–crime equation always elicits strong feelings. The simple facts are that the majority of criminals used to test positive for alcohol or heroin or marijuana when committing crimes. Now many of them have switched to cocaine. Yet, overall, crime statistics show rates of personal victimization haven't changed over the past ten years.

3. There are studies in the literature that report how casual cocaine users actively seek not to be exposed to crack because of their belief that crack use would put them on a slippery slope to addiction (e.g., *British Journal of Addiction*, 1989).

4. Mr. van den Haag misquotes me. I said there was a base rate of abuse, not a base rate of consumption. Consumption levels vary with age, socioeconomic status, and a variety of other factors. Being exposed to drugs and even using them irregularly is one thing. Abusing them is another. Consumption rates are hard to predict but abuse rates are fairly constant.

5. Again, Mr. van den Haag can't keep his concepts straight and can't seem to grasp the point of the Vietnam study. What Dr. Lee Robins showed in that study was that over 90 per cent of returning soldiers who had tested positive for drugs gave up drug use voluntarily. In several breakdowns of her data that took into account religion, ethnic origin, residency, and other variables, Dr. Robins demonstrates that none of these factors predicted whether or not soldiers would drop their Vietnam habit. If ease of acquiring drugs were an issue, as Mr. van den Haag suggests, data from blacks versus whites and large urban areas versus rural areas would predict different rates of continued use. Dr. Robins showed the rates were essentially identical. Additionally, those opposed to legalization simply refuse to consider data that suggest that legalization could coincide with consumption rates dropping. This has been shown to be the case in the Netherlands, where marijuana is now legal. It has also been shown that consumption rates for marijuana have dropped in the 11 U.S. states that have decriminalized its possession.

As for Dr. Gold, his concern that crack is more addictive as the result of his experience on his 800-COCAINE line is moving but unrelated to my point. There are no scientific data that crack is more addictive. Dr. Shigla Murphy, who is carrying out a NIDA-sponsored research project in Oakland, maintains that the stereotype is incorrect. Just as many people walk away from crack as from other drugs, she finds. It is likely that self-reports from callers to a helping agency represent a distorted sample. Those who walked away from their crack experience are not calling 800-COCAINE.

I am not quite sure what Dr Gold's third point might be. In general, those suggesting legalization are in no way condoning the consumption or misuse of drugs. All drugs from aspirin to morphine, from caffeine to crack, from valium to alcohol can cause serious damage to the body. Knowledge of these things finds most people using drugs of all kinds in moderation. Adult Americans are free to go down and buy alcohol in any quantity and to abuse this powerful drug. The vast majority of them do not. And that is a drug that is promoted through the national media.

Dr. Gold does reveal a nasty little secret: that there is no treatment for many if not most kinds of addictions. Observers of the drug scene have wondered what more money for treatment means. One answer has recently come from the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation. It is placing some of its $27

(Continues on page 59)

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Spirits of the Air

RUSSELL SEITZ

DAVID FISHER, a Floridian professor of "cosmochemistry," has produced a trendy introduction to the "greenhouse effect" and ozone depletion, but also addresses a third topic, one intermediate in its relevance and credibility between cold fusion and phrenology—hard-core, unreconstructed nuclear winter. The effect is like that of pouring a fine bottle of wine only to discover a dead mouse at the bottom, an effect considerably compounded if some of the wine has already been drunk with approbation, *and* has come from your own vineyard.

Fisher is certainly long on sour grapes where NATIONAL REVIEW is concerned. The object of his wrath is Brad Sparks's polemic "The Scandal of Nuclear Winter" [Nov. 15, 1985], an odd blend of exposé and solecism that caused at least as much vexation to those of us trying to unravel the bag of worms Carl Sagan dumped into the pages of *Science* in 1983 as to Sagan himself.

Fire and Ice: The Greenhouse Effect, Ozone Depletion, and Nuclear Winter, by David E. Fisher (Harper & Row, 213 pp., $19.95)

But just as Sparks's troubles stemmed from an inadequate familiarity with the scientific underpinnings of the debate, Fisher's reliance on dated, secondary, and often partisan sources has led him into a time warp populated only by a dwindling and increasingly incestuous band of nuclear-winterists. With luck, he'll find his way in from the cold—even Senator Proxmire and the *New York Times* editorial notebook eventually caught on.

And, quantitatively, nuclear winter has suffered quite a crackup. Despite some heroic stonewalling by Sagan, the last remake of *Götterdämmerung* has turned out to be a very wee specimen of an apocalypse indeed. Here are the hard data—now that we've got some. (See graph.)

In 1983, Sagan & Co. told a systems programmer to turn the sun down or off on a computer model by opacifying its "sky." The posited cause of such a shift in what is termed "optical depth" was the presence of dust, smoke, and soot from a nuclear holocaust. The assumed amounts of dust and soot proved to be exaggerated, as was the clouds' lifetime in the air. In the case considered in the companion piece to Sagan & Co.'s "Nuclear Winter" article—"Long-Term Biological Consequences of Nuclear War"—the optical depth was so great (more than twenty powers of *e*) that the solar flux at the earth's surface virtually disappeared for a Biblical forty days and forty nights. With the sun magically turned off, the temperature on earth sank to –53°F. In Sagan's model, the earth then took over a year to thaw out. Of the resulting "biological consequences" it was written: "The extinction of homo sapiens cannot be excluded."

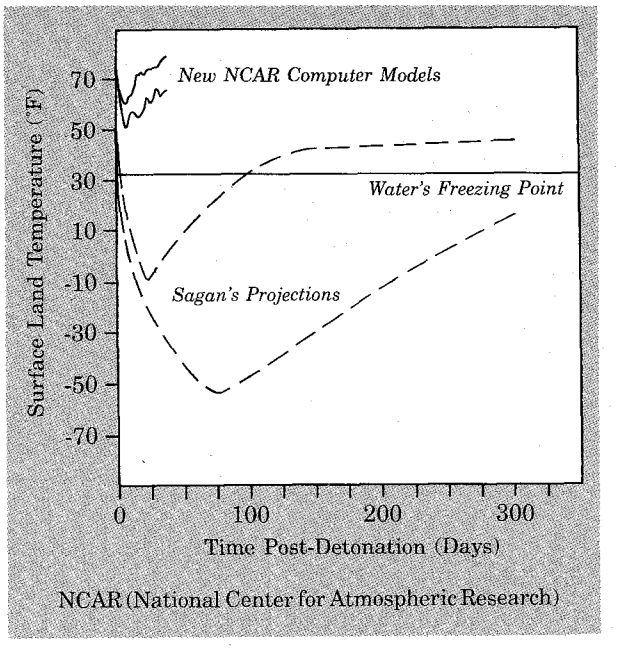
The direct and graphic comparison of these old predictions with those of newer and more elegant computer models is startling. They're now talking 50° *above* zero, on average, for weeks rather than a range of around the freezing point to 50° *below* zero for months or years. The numbers talk: it's the area between the old time/temperature curves and the new that counts, and nowhere this side of Palm Beach do just a few hundred heating degree-days constitute winter.

How has Fisher reacted to this 100° misunderstanding? By pretending that non-scientist Sparks's effort at criticizing the theory was the final word. Also, by describing the editors of this journal as "charlatans" and "creationists"; to round out his voice of moderation, he says: "like the Nazis, they lie." Along the way he makes a number of order-of-magnitude substantive errors of fact. And trusting in Britain's left-wing *Popular Science* clone, *The New Scientist*, Fisher repeats a demonstrable falsehood of his own: that physicist Freeman Dyson's criticism of the nuclear-winter theory was never made. In reality, such a criticism *was* made, in 1985. To his credit as a scientific professional, Fisher retracted this allegation when informed of the facts, but, alas, it was too late for the falsehood to be omitted from the first printing of *Fire and Ice*.

In the seven years since the nuclear-winter theory was first formulated, there have been as many variations on that theme as media for conveying it. One of its earliest renditions was a luridly eschatological television movie in the mid Eighties. And in this connection, some moments of candor by the theory's authors have later returned to haunt them.

For while scientific theories evolve, videotape does not; it has captured

Temperature Changes Resulting In 'Nuclear Autumn'



NCAR (National Center for Atmospheric Research)

Mr. Seitz has written on the science and politics of the nuclear-winter debate in Science, Nature, Naturwissenschaften, The Economist, Foreign Affairs, *the* New York Times, *and* The National Interest.

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their apocalyptic rhetoric like a fly in amber. Some amazing things were said and, courtesy of the special-effects departments and animators of Hollywood, illustrated more vividly than they ever could be in the scientific literature. What the public was shown on television was the antithesis of the cautionary prose of the published scientific paper, with its confession of the underlying uncertainty of the data and the need for further study. And it was not in defending the theory's uncontroversial central premise (it *does* tend to be cooler in the shade), but in consenting to lurid (snow on the palm trees, ice floes in the Amazon) video effects that Sagan and others earned the censure of their colleagues.

Science was but the medium; the message came first. And it is important to consider the context of what grew into an object of dogma. Nuclear winter became a virtual sacrament in the secular religion of disarmament, something mentioned to this day with reverence and superstitious awe in the pages of *The Humanist*. Sagan and the rest of the elders of that curious sect, the Fellows of the Academy of Humanism, are a canny lot. Imagine their response on flipping the TV dial late one night to discovering a host of televangelists raking in the green while intoning that Armageddon and rapture are right around the corner as the millennium turns.

The end of the world is big at the box office, no matter how long the list of prophets of doom who have failed to deliver. But we needed a remake. And in one-upping St. John the Divine, the neo-fundamentalists' first step was to forget that the concept wasn't novel to begin with. Cooling due to dust and soot first materialized in John von Neumann's 1954 Senate testimony and Christopher Anvil's short story "Torch" (recently reprinted in *After Armageddon*, an anthology edited by Dr. J. E. Pournelle for Tor Books). *Grandmal* nuclear winter made its debut in the April 1957 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*.

While Fisher has swallowed Sagan's bait and been dragged off behind the nuclear-winter bandwagon, he displays a commendable lucidity in wrestling with the dilemma of policy response to carbon-dioxide buildup. He affords the reader a painless introduction to the world of computer climate models along with some interesting examples of their use and abuse. (In the Seventies, global cooling was as fashionable as the greenhouse effect is today.) And unlike most of the organizations, environmental and otherwise, that *Fire and Ice* commends to the reader, Fisher clearly acknowledges the virtues of intelligently designed and competently run nuclear-power plants. The environmental and human cost of mining and burning coal has clearly had a sobering effect on him.

Likewise, his chronicle of the ozone wars has the ring of truth—of science as it is, rather than as it is idealized. He chronicles the unsuccessful campaign to maintain that nitrogen oxides from the Concorde would lead to the collapse of the stratosphere's ultraviolet shield. There follows a clear exposition of the disturbing discovery of the ferocious efficiency of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs, let loose as freon) in destroying stratospheric ozone by catalytic attack. For unlike the surreal soot-clouds of Sagan's ersatz apocalypse, some things that go up are a long time coming down.

Fisher falls short, barely, of joining the true believers who would declare an *ad hoc* atmospheric crisis and clap industry in macroeconomic chains before the scientific jury has delivered an indictment, let alone tried the case of *Earth* v. *the Greenhouse Gasses*. As well he might: until the role of the great-granddaddy of them all—water vapor—is better understood, the riddle of global climate change may go unsolved.

For many and subtle are the spirits of the air, hard to summon, harder still to exorcise. Thrift, in the form of market-driven improvements in fuel and energy efficiency, has few enemies, and CFCs in the high atmosphere have even fewer thoughtful friends. But we have already unleashed on the fragile stratosphere things that go bump in the night.

Fisher does fine when atoms and molecules are concerned, but he has a lot to learn about aerosols. We may hope that his next book will reflect progress along the learning curve, and an apprehension of the ultimate lesson of nuclear winter's rise and fall: having known sin at Hiroshima, physics was bound to run into advertising sooner or later.

Perhaps the shock of the collision will lead to more vigilance by science journalists and TV producers, but I'm not betting on it—not until political polarization of the environmental sciences fades away will there re-appear in the minds of the scientists a once and future thought: Science politicized is science betrayed. □

Number Eight Is False

ROBERT GORDON

The Fate of the Forest: Developers, Destroyers, and Defenders of the Amazon, by Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn (Verso/Routledge, 280 pp., $24.95)

EVER SINCE Francisco de Orellana sailed down the Amazon in 1540, the region has intermittently been a focal point of international attention. Where once tales of lost cities and stories of the rubber trade held the world's notice, today we heed warnings of the alarming pace of deforestation. *The Fate of the Forest* promises to tell the whole story—from the history of early exploration to deforestation's contribution to the greenhouse effect—but the literary journey is more directionless, frustrating, and perilous than Orellana's, and Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn arrive at predictable statist conclusions.

The fires which consume so much of the Amazon Forest are primarily the result of bureaucratic wrongheadedness. In an effort to tap the resources of this rich region, establish a land-reform policy, and build a more extensive infrastructure, central-planning wizards set in motion a cycle of destruction. According to Brazilian law, claims for land may be made by demonstrating effective use of the land. Clearing land for agricultural purposes, for instance, is considered evidence of effective use, regardless of the ground's suitability for farming or

Mr. Gordon is director of the National Wilderness Institute.

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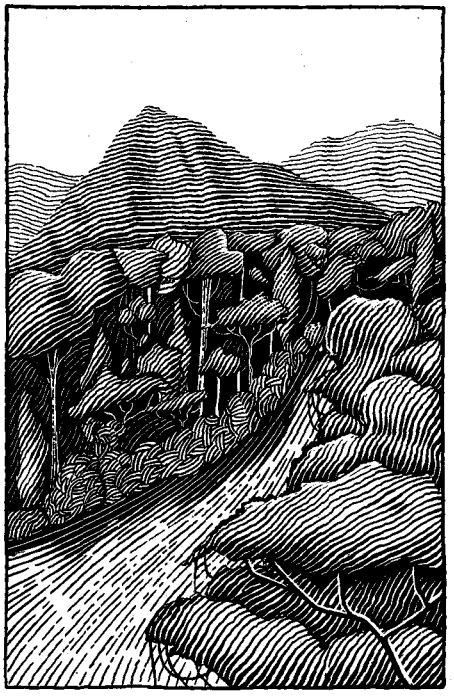
ranching, and even if the management and harvesting of the forest's indigenous flora and fauna might have been more economically rewarding.

Obviously, the first and most important step in addressing the problem of reckless deforestation is to abolish this bureaucratic inducement. But Miss Hecht and Mr. Cockburn seem more interested in implicating everyone and everything they dislike in some grand conspiracy to chew up trees and torture forest inhabitants than in addressing pragmatic solutions. *Fate of the Forest* is replete with stories about generals, cattlemen, great financiers, governors, and Indian tribes, all save the last cast in villainous shadows. These loosely connected vignettes press the familiar buttons (business and self-interest are bad), and are presented at the expense of the true story of Indian suffering. It is a particular agenda, not the fate of real people, that is the authors' concern.

Eventually, they can contain themselves no longer: the only means of saving the Amazon, they proclaim, is through "socialist ecology," which they somehow equate with justice. A clear definition of "socialist ecology" is never presented, although there is a bit of rumbling about provision of financial credits to rubber tappers and popular control over the means of production—economic jargon, in other words, that would be fashionable these days only in Havana. The authors do favor the idea of a communal organization which, for example, might be composed of rubber tappers, Brazil-nut collectors, and miners living together and developing, harvesting, and marketing the forest's resources. Although the difficulty of employing this model on a grand scale is acknowledged, the problems are left unresolved. Miss Hecht and Mr. Cockburn state that "People learn from history," but blatantly disregard the abysmal environmental record of socialist nations and the great disparity in productivity between private and collective forms of agriculture.

The treatment of the dynamic regenerative capacity of the forest and the merits of intensive management, including prescribed burning, as a means to care for forest resources is informative and, at times, notable. However, the authors then briefly mention the greenhouse effect. They state that roughly 11 million tons of



Brian Callanan

greenhouse gasses are produced annually by forest clearing in the Amazon, but they provide no context for understanding the significance of this figure. In fact, 11 million tons is less than 0.01 per cent of the greenhouse gasses annually produced by natural events such as volcanic eruptions.

While the authors provide extensive notes, numerous appendices, glossaries, and a lengthy bibliography, these devices seem mere afterthoughts, and are often of questionable relevance. For example, in a 555-word note, the etymology of the word "condom" is traced to its first written reference, a Scottish poem dated 1706. Sure, we know they're made of rubber, and the digression is not to be missed by condom enthusiasts, but is it relevant?

Equally irritating is the authors' pretentious overuse of Portuguese terms when suitable translations are available. One wonders why they chose to publish the book in English at all. Will readers of the Portuguese edition be similarly frustrated by English terms? At times there appears to be a conscious effort to muddy the waters. For example, a thought that might be expressed in common English as "The tappers decided to meet to expand their organizing ability" translates into Hecht–Cockburn dialect as: "The tappers decided to arrange a meeting of Amazonian *seringueiros* [rubber tappers] to expand the organizing ability of the rubber tappers."

Written under the guise of environmental concern and scholarly research, *The Fate of the Forest* is little more than a platform for the authors' muddled left-wing views. To address all the shortcomings of this undisciplined and vapid diatribe would require a companion volume. Miss Hecht and Mr. Cockburn conclude with "Seven Beliefs, True and False, about the Amazon." The idea that this book could somehow make a serious contribution to the study of the Amazon region's deforestation should be added as number eight—False. □

The Wrong Stuff

WILLIAM R. HAWKINS

THE HISTORIAN AND and former cavalry commander Polybius asked, "What does it profit the reader to wade through wars and battles and sieges if he is not to penetrate the knowledge of the causes which made one party succeed and another fail?" Eliot Cohen and John Gooch have answered with a set of splendid case studies which fulfill this utilitarian mission in a lively manner. Cohen teaches strategy at the U.S. Naval War College. Gooch is a military historian at the University of Lancaster, England, who has also taught at the Naval War College. Finding the NWC "an incomparable place to study strategy," they embarked on the study of "military misfortunes." They argue that failure in battle is not always the result of outright incompetence among the losers, nor of genius or overwhelming numbers among the winners; that while a "military misfortune" often leads to defeat, it could merely cause

Military Misfortunes: The Anatomy of Failure in War, by Eliot A. Cohen and John Gooch (Free Press, 304 pp., $22.95)

Mr. Hawkins is a policy analyst for the U.S. Business and Industrial Council and writes frequently on defense and foreign-policy issues.

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a setback, or consist of a missed opportunity (a "lost victory").

Cohen and Gooch draw their examples from the twentieth century, for their theory is tied to modern military organization. Wars are no longer decided in a single decisive battle where the supreme commander leads his army on the battlefield. The resources available upon mobilization to even medium-sized nation-states are such that wars are protracted struggles during which new weapons and tactics evolve. Adversaries react to each other in a dynamic environment, changing their behavior over time. Victory or defeat is the accumulated result of a series of decisions and reactions.

The large scale and complexity of modern war requires an organization to manage it. The organization must be flexible enough to respond rapidly and correctly to changing situations while keeping focused on key objectives. The organization needs a mix of strategists, technical experts, and warriors, with a delicate balance between central command and local initiative. In such an organization communication, training, and information (intelligence) play vital roles.

The six cases Cohen and Gooch analyze are: the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor; the American anti-submarine campaign of 1942; the Israeli defense of the Suez and Golan fronts in 1973; the British expedition to Gallipoli in 1915; the defeat of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea by the Chinese in 1950; and the fall of France in 1940. These are all well-worked territories, and the book is worth reading just for the concise evaluations of the differing interpretations of them that have been given. Cohen and Gooch add their own extremely thought-provoking conclusions.

The two major approaches to military analysis that the authors are most anxious to refute are the "man in the dock" school, which seeks one particular individual (usually the senior commander) to blame, and the "intelligence failure" school, which sees surprise as the decisive factor. Holding commanders responsible is necessary to the rebuilding of morale after a defeat. A new leader can give a beaten army a second chance.

> When they fail, and in particular when they fail catastrophically, confidence in government itself is shaken, for the first duty of government is national defense. . . . Political authorities often have no choice but to respond by dismissing a senior military commander and replacing him with another, in effect creating a scapegoat.

However, "criminalizing military misfortune . . . by arraigning a guilty party" does not serve to clarify what actually happens in a large organization where major decisions are made at several different levels.

The authors also feel that surprise is overemphasized. Thus in regard to Pearl Harbor, the 1973 Mideast War, and Korea, the authors argue that while there were lapses in the analysis of intelligence data (primarily a reluctance to believe the enemy was actually committed to war), the real failure was not that the attacker achieved tactical surprise, but that the response by the defenders was so poor. At Pearl Harbor there had been virtually no preparation for battle despite the widespread belief that U.S.–Japanese relations were at a crisis point. In 1973, the Israelis were overconfident and counterattacked piecemeal rather than in combined-arms operations, necessary against a worthy opponent. In Korea, Allied and Chinese forces were nearly equal in manpower, with the U.S. having a massive edge in firepower. But beneath the aggregate figures, the U.S. was short on infantrymen in what became an infantry battle where terrain and Chinese tactics did much to negate heavy guns and airpower.

The vital role of intelligence is not to make lucky guesses about specific future events, but to know the enemy, his capabilities, strengths, and weaknesses, so that successful operations (offensive or defensive) can be carried out against him.

Cohen and Gooch present in each case a "Matrix of Failure" flowchart that traces the mistakes through the chain of command, highlighting critical failures and the consequences on the field where the battles were lost.

In all the cases except France in 1940, the armed forces that failed rebounded to win future battles. Thus Cohen and Gooch do not analyze misfortune only, but also recovery. The key is the ability to learn from mistakes before a series of lost battles makes loss of the war inescapable.

Centralization is the major factor they identify in turning an organization around in time. Fragmented theater or operation commands impede the flow of information and prevent the full use of the forces available. Prime examples are the lack of a unified air-defense system for Hawaii in 1941, and the lack of a unified anti-submarine command prior to 1943. The land, sea, air, and intelligence services are divided on the tactical and operational levels but must work as a combined-arms team to win campaigns. Organization must be matched to the task.

Centralized training is important so that lessons learned in the field can be taught throughout the organization. Performance at all levels must be continually evaluated. Above all, leaders must be willing to test ideas, old and new, rigorously and objectively to determine what works and what doesn't. Institutions of government, business, and education would do well to heed this advice also, even if they are under less pressure than the military to perform or perish. □

World War Won

SPENCER WARREN

How fitting that, just as the fiftieth anniversary of the Second World War is producing a stream of new books, we seem to be witnessing our final victory in that conflict, as the Communist tide that accompanied Germany's collapse recedes from Eastern Europe. It is a good time to think back to that most dramatic and appalling of events, to how close we came to disaster, and to how we won our awesome victory.

The Second World War, by John Keegan (Viking, 592 pp., $29.95)

John Keegan's new book is an outstanding synthesis and probably the best-written one-volume account to

Mr. Warren, formerly a member of the policy-planning staff at the State Department and counsel to a U.S. senator and congressman, is a writer living in Virginia.

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date. With his obvious mastery of this immense subject and his accomplished style, he adds countless illuminating points to make an oft-told narrative as fascinating as ever. Three hundred thousand Russians were killed or wounded in the siege of Berlin, almost one-third the total U.S. casualties in the entire war. In the Battle of the Atlantic, which Germany might have won had Admiral Dönitz started the war with three hundred U-boats, as he had wished, rather than the actual 57, the Germans lost 25,870 out of 40,900 crewmen who sailed. This 63 per cent fatality rate was by far the highest of any service arm of any combatant in the war. The Allied triumph rested on the now-famous British cracking of German codes (which by 1943 told us the U-boats' locations, allowing the rerouting of convoys), and on the enormous shipbuilding capacity of the United States. The unsung Allied merchant seamen, Keegan writes, "stood . . . between the Wehrmacht and the domination of the world."

Among Keegan's many noteworthy observations is that Stalin's purges of the officer corps encouraged Hitler's invasion. (What leader would massacre his military command in the face of a threat like that posed by Nazi Germany? The answer: one who would consciously destroy his nation's agriculture, as Stalin had done a few years earlier.) Stalin's blindness to clear warnings of German intentions, his ludicrous dispositions of the Red Army right up against the frontier—facilitating encirclement when the Panzers poured across—and his paralysis in the first weeks of the invasion contributed to the deaths of twenty million Russians during the war. Also contributing were the barbaric Soviet tactics, such as the NKVD machine-gunners operating behind troops to ensure they advanced with a will. Keegan notes (as does Solzhenitsyn) that General Vlasov, the commander who led several hundred thousand Russians over to the side of the Wehrmacht, may have been inspired to turn traitor when the retreating NKVD massacred its Ukrainian prisoners in Lvov. Rather than condemn these "Vlasov

RANDOM NOTES

■ WHO'S WHINING? WHO'S READING?: Even as the easily agitated members of the editorial profession reach for smelling salts, books are flourishing.

The latest 12-minute apocalypse struck the pale crew at Pantheon, a division of Random House. The boss there "resigned," prompting five senior editors to quit and to send heart-rending memos to the industry. One editor, pointing a finger at Random House chairman Alberto Vitale and the "handful of relatively faceless media conglomerates [that] have our culture by the throat," lamented the suppression of Pantheon's *true voice*, and called plans for restructuring "a crime against our culture, against the possibility that . . . there will still be a plurality of voices . . . with alternative ways of looking at the world, alternative ways of assessing the past, alternative ways of viewing the future." Comments were solicited by the *Village Voice*: "'Shameful,' muttered Victor Navasky. 'Sickening,' nodded John Leonard." Yes, the *Voice* admitted, '89 was a bad year (Pantheon lost $2 million), but before that the company was rarely in the red by more than, oh, half a million bucks, and that's "pocket change for Si Newhouse," owner of Random House, a man whose "miserable life is governed by no more ennobling principle than unlettered greed."

Book editors believe themselves to be so many highbrow dolphins caught in corporate tuna nets, when, in fact, "alternative" viewpoints predominate in publishing. But, as Joseph Epstein has observed, "The drama of daily life is greatly heightened if one feels that society is organized against one."

Meanwhile, the American Booksellers Association, surveying the undramatic real world, reports that more than a third of us gave books at Christmas—72 million folks, to be precise. And the Wirthlin organization, which took the survey, provides a profile of the typical bookbuyer, who sounds a lot like a Pantheon customer: a college-educated baby-boomer from one of the coasts who earns more than his age. A further parting of dolphins from tuna was not undertaken.

■ PAPERBORK EDITION: The staff at Pantheon (what's left of it) probably considers Robert Bork's *The Tempting of America* the antithesis of "alternative," and I guess the staffs at many of the paperback houses agree, since none called to participate in the Free Press auction for rights to a softcover edition of Judge Bork's bestseller. So it will be published by Touchstone, a Simon & Schuster paperback imprint, which had the "floor," meaning that in advance of the telephone auction date, Touchstone wisely put cash on the line—a figure against which other interested houses would have had to bid. The art of buying reprint rights is the art of getting that floor position, although a modest six-figure floor, as this one was, will not usually dampen the ardor of competing reprinters to acquire a book that was on the *New York Times* bestseller list for a dozen weeks, ten of them at number six or better. Non-fiction books with that sales pattern typically sell to paperback for two or three times the amount of the Bork floor.

But it's hardly a scandal, and, happily, we can look forward to a *Tempting of America* paperBork in January.

■ RENAISSANCE: According to the *1990 Media Guide* (available at $19.95 from Polyconomics, Inc., 86 Maple Avenue, Morristown, N.J. 07960), there is a *hot new book* in the magazine trade, one you'll want to read. Wait a minute! You *are* reading it. Editor Jude Wanniski's *Guide*, now in its fifth year, claims *NR* is "to the point where it's the best we've seen since we began this guide."

But enough about us—you already know how good *NR* is. For the lowdown on the rest of the news media, the *Guide* is indispensable and addictive. It profiles the leading newspapers, magazines, and, for the first time in this edition, television news programs. It rates the reporters. The estimable Warren Brookes gets a top rating, in part because he called Robert Redford "the Meryl Streep of climatology" in a piece about global warming, which, he observes, "many top climatologists now worry could turn out to be the 'cold fusion' of meteorology." *Time*'s Margaret Carlson gets a bedrock rating, in part because she recommended that Jimmy Carter be named Speaker of the House.

Mr. Wanniski's background in economics may account for the fact that financial reporting receives lots of attention, arts and literature commentary little, but the *Guide* is unique and well worth $20. —BRAD MINER

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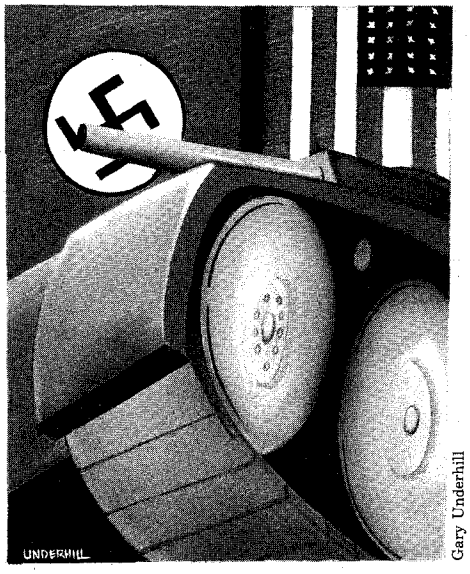
Men," Solzhenitsyn asks why no other country saw so many of its people go over to the side of its mortal enemy. *Glasnost* does indeed have a lot to reckon with.

Keegan's account of the crucial Battle of Midway is one of the book's high points. Four Japanese carriers, with 272 aircraft, escorted by battleships and other vessels, did not know that their naval code had been broken, and that three U.S. carriers, with 180 aircraft, were lying in wait. The Japanese fought off the first four U.S. air strikes, repulsing or destroying two-thirds of our aircraft. But the fifth attack, by 37 Dauntless dive-bombers led by Lieutenant Commander Wade McClusky, struck home. The Japanese flight decks were clogged with aircraft that had returned from a strike at Midway and were readying for an attack on the U.S. carriers. Keegan writes, "At 10:25 on the morning of June 4, 1942, [McClusky] was exactly placed to deliver the most stunning and decisive blow in the history of naval warfare." Within five minutes, three of the enemy carriers were ablaze and "the whole course of the war in the Pacific had been reversed." Six hours later, the fourth carrier was set ablaze by another attack. The U.S. lost one carrier, the *Yorktown*, two days later. All this only six months after Pearl Harbor.

Unlike many earlier one-volume histories, this one discusses in detail the economic, technological, and logistical aspects of the war. The U.S. industrial behemoth provided enough aid to our allies to supply two thousand infantry divisions. Tank output rose from 346 in 1940 to 17,565 in 1944; aircraft output from 2,141 to 96,318. It was also a war of engineers, to design the best tanks, aircraft, amphibious landing vehicles, and weapons.

Lack of sufficient motorized transport, given the Allied air forces' destruction of the French railways, sharply hindered the Wehrmacht's mobility, enabling the Allies to capture two hundred thousand prisoners and inflict fifty thousand casualties in the breakout from Normandy. They then raced across France in weeks and reached the German frontier in September 1944—only to fumble a golden opportunity to end the war that year.

Keegan touches on many of the strategic controversies of the war. He rightly gives Churchill much credit for



Gary Underhill

dissuading the Americans, through pursuit of his Mediterranean strategy, from attempting a cross-Channel invasion in 1942 or '43, which would have led to disaster. As they would in Vietnam 25 years later, the American chiefs tended to rely on brawn rather than strategy. Keegan also notes that had Japan joined Hitler in attacking Russia rather than the U.S., the war might have turned out differently.

No one volume on this topic can cover everything, and Keegan slides over the question whether the Allies could have ended the war in 1944 (saving more of Europe from the Russians) with a bolder campaign following the Normandy breakout. Keegan criticizes as "the most calamitous flaw in the . . . campaign" Montgomery's failure, upon liberating Antwerp, to clear the Schelde estuary, from which the Germans were able to block the port-city's harbor. Consequently, the Allies' logistical difficulties continued to slow their advance, and Germany was able to defend its western front throughout the winter, eventually launching the Battle of the Bulge.

Keegan does not discuss the conflicts between Montgomery and Patton over allocation of the available supplies for one "final push." This is a complex issue, and some blame must fall on Eisenhower, who seemed unable to rise above the important demands of coalition politics to make the decisions that could have ended the war in 1944. Two-thirds of Allied casualties in the campaign in northwest Europe came after September of that year.

Another controversy not discussed is the dropping of the two atomic bombs, which indeed were necessary to bring Japan to her knees. One should also mention the book's poor maps and some sloppy editing. But these do not seriously detract from this compelling book, another sterling achievement by this great historian. □

How To

GEORGE C. ROCHE III

THERE IS MUCH in this book that is good: it is well written and humorous, and Mr. Rosovsky, former dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, has the courage to take on many of that institution's sacred cows, although not the *really* sacred ones. While he declares himself a "centrist," evidence abounds that at the core Mr. Rosovsky remains one of the usual suspects we associate with left-leaning Harvard. Dustjacket copy invites our suspicion: "Deans . . . are not universally loved. But some are, and this volume . . . tells us why Henry Rosovsky was one of those." This panegyric comes from John Kenneth Galbraith. And then, on the book's opening page, Rosovsky offers "warmest thanks to . . . Ken Galbraith . . . for constructive criticisms," and calls him one of the "good people."

The University: An Owner's Manual, by Henry Rosovsky (Norton, 309 pp., $19.95)

But Rosovsky's liberal tilt emerges most conspicuously when he defends tenure as "the principal guarantor of academic freedom." Free speech must be protected by tenure because "our country has a long history of professorial persecution for naked political reasons." Yet the only persecution he then cites comes from the Right: "In my own lifetime I have seen the ravages of McCarthyism and other kinds of witch-hunts." Are we to understand

Mr. Roche is the president of Hillsdale College in Michigan.

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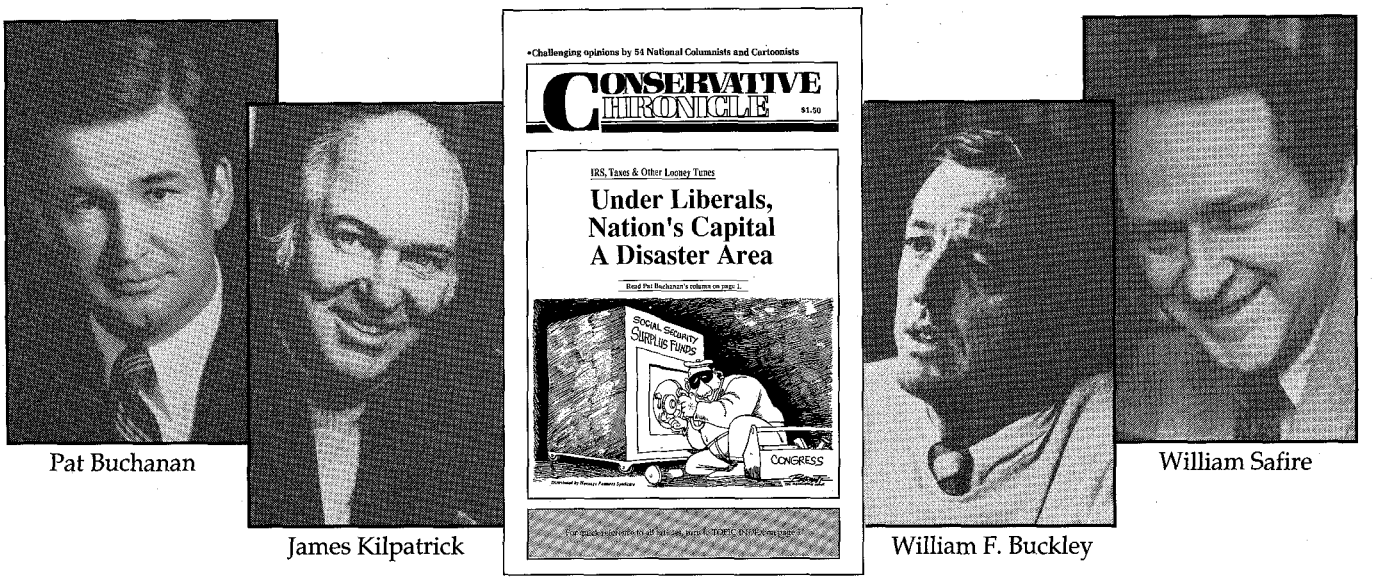
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that in all his 62 years he has witnessed no ravages, no witch-hunts, from the Left? Has Harvard always granted freedom of speech to right-wingers? He continues: professors attract "suspicion as corrupters of youth. Conservatives seem especially fond of this view." There are no enemies to the left.

But, it may be argued, centrists may have liberal friends, be weak on the subjects of history and politics, and be near-sighted about institutions they love without revealing themselves as closet leftists. Yes, but Mr. Rosovsky goes on: "I must admit that if I had been a university president during the turmoil of the late 1960s, the temptation to fire certain faculty members would have been almost irresistible. I am thinking not of unpopular ideas or speech, but of . . . violent disruptions. . . . Looking back, I am glad that tenure and . . . the tradition of academic freedom provided a defense against those with my hot temper and base impulses." In other words he feels ashamed that he once thought it acceptable to act against faculty for "violent disruptions." From Rosovsky's perspective it makes sense. Why not let these "dissidents" destroy campus buildings with impunity? After all, he defines their violent conduct as speech, an association even Hugo Black—a First Amendment "absolutist" if ever there was one—rejected.

The predictable litanies continue. Certain groups of potential students "require affirmative recruitment," the dean writes, thus asking the Goddess of Justice to lift her blindfold and peek at an applicant's skin color. And once these students are admitted, Dean Rosovsky's egalitarian impulse is not diminished: "We are tolerant at entry, recognizing that not all candidates start the race equally advantaged. Our concern is how the race ends." Apparently, distinctions based on individual merit are a bad idea. Carried to its logical conclusion, the notion of egalitarian ends could be as destructive of American academic achievement as it has been of Eastern European economies.

Moreover, Dean Rosovsky wants to ensure that, while at Harvard, students are not narrowly subjected to Judaeo-Christian or Western values: "It is . . . becoming more difficult to think of ourselves as representatives of Western civilization; too many of us have strong non-Western roots." Thus he lays the groundwork for the adoption of Stanford's hollow but "culturally sensitive" curriculum.

Redistribution of income is also applauded: "The economy could be made 'democratic' if the distribution of income were less skewed, and I believe that would be a very good thing." Elsewhere, "for the fall of 1988 we were quick to claim Michael Dukakis as a Harvard man." Naturally.

At no time does Rosovsky more unwittingly reveal the left-wing dominance at Harvard than when he writes that "Our most severe critics have a distinctly right-wing political flavor." Of course they do; Harvard is left-wing, and its opponents will hardly come from the left. The absence of much severe left-wing complaint about Harvard is particularly telling since liberals are not known to be reticent critics.

Another revealing anecdote: "President Reagan had invited National Merit Scholars to a reception at the White House [where] a young woman rose and gave the President a short, highly critical lecture concerning his policies in Central America. [Reading this account in the newspaper] I turned to my wife and said with great confidence: '*She* is coming to Harvard.' I was not wrong." Precisely. If you're an ill-mannered liberal ideologue, go to Harvard; you'll fit right in.

Near the end of the book the dean, with missionary zeal, pontificates about Harvard's "larger mission" to perpetuate its liberal biases. Earlier he had declared that institutions like Harvard "are the cutting edge of our national life of the mind. They determine the intellectual agenda of higher education. They set the trends." If this was ever true, it is so no longer, and it endures only as perception, not as reality—ask the electorate that rejected Harvard's Dukakis. But Rosovsky is undeterred from wanting Harvard to proselytize: "Of course student demand for instruction has to be satisfied, but it is only part of a larger mission. Our task is also the preservation and interpretation of culture. . . . We transmit the great traditions from one generation to the next."

No thanks, not for my kids. Harvard's interpretations of culture are as follows: politically, the enemy is to the right, never the left; socially, collectivity is to be preferred to the freedom of the individual; spiritually, God and Western/Judaeo-Christian values are to be kept off campus; and economically, we are to follow Keynes and Galbraith—the "good people."

A final hubris: "There is relatively little opportunity for instruction in the independent college to rise above the elementary or intermediate level." Oh? Give me David any time, his slingshot well-aimed at the smug Goliath. □

An Appetite for Espionage

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER

EVEN WITH the crumbling of the Berlin Wall and the gradual cessation of the cold war, there is still an abundance of material for the spy novelist. While the intelligence services of Eastern Europe have begun to disband, the activities of the KGB have been unaffected by *glasnost* and *perestroika*. Swedish Sovietologist Anders Aslund claims that the KGB has backed Gorbachev in return for the continued freedom to operate as it pleases; Aslund's claim appears believable.

Cry Spy, by William Hood (Norton, 320 pp., $18.95)

But even if the KGB were to vanish tomorrow morning, the tens of thousands of KGB operatives would not abandon the only trade they know. As William Hood shows in his hard-hitting new novel, the KGB's operatives will continue to behave in the pernicious way they have always done, regardless of which Soviet dictator happens to be in power.

Hood spent thirty years in the Central Intelligence Agency, and his professional experience rewards the reader in two ways. First, his hero, Alan Trosper, is quite plausible. Too many spy novelists exaggerate their main character's motives and nature,

Mr. Wooster is the Washington editor of Reason.

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either by turning him into a superman, master of dozens of esoteric (or nonexistent) martial arts, or, in more "realistic" novels, by portraying him as an antiheroic wimp, agonizing over every act, crushed by the burden of Western civilization.

Unlike these cartoonish spies, Trosper is an amiable fellow you would like to have a meal with. Although he uses a gun well and can fight when he has to, Trosper is a civilized man who prefers a fine restaurant to a gun battle. *Cry Spy* is a thriller where the action periodically stops for dinner. In the Home Counties of England, Trosper enjoys the Palethorpe sausages; in Florence, he knows who makes the best *fonduta*; and, most improbably, he knows of a world-class French restaurant cleverly disguised as a delicatessen in suburban Virginia.

Hood is also a master of the telling detail. Most readers of espionage novels read them to learn how spies act and think, not to learn hidden details of the activities of the CIA. Good spy novelists understand this. In the novels of John le Carré, for example, intelligence operations are described only to the extent needed to convince the reader that they are of supreme importance to le Carré's characters. Hood is as adept as le Carré at giving the reader information that enhances the plausibility of the plot.

For example, in one scene, Trosper is in Washington reading a file kept on an agent over a forty-year period. We don't learn precisely what the file contains, but Hood does let us know that "the flimsy carbons" of the 1940s "were torture enough, but not as taxing as the fading, brittle pages produced by the primitive copy system that in the early days a long-forgotten administrative expert had inflicted on the Firm." This is a sentence that could only have been written by a seasoned—and creative—career bureaucrat. Such details add gravity and pleasure to the plot.

Cry Spy begins in 1986, when Alan Trosper's longtime friend, fellow CIA operative Peter Gandy, is attacked by some thugs who seemingly administer a slow-acting poison. Was Gandy murdered? If so, who planned the attack? What did Gandy know—and whom was he trying to protect?

The answers to these questions lead Trosper both around Europe and into the past. The novel's action extends

Gary Underhill

from present-day Vienna to the Eastern Front during the Second World War. (Despite the wartime setting, the plot does *not*, mercifully, involve Nazis, neo-Nazis, or would-be Nazis.) En route, Trosper meets spies from several nations. His antagonists in the KGB are foes Trosper respects as fellow professionals, but cannot trust; his British counterparts, surprisingly, are people whom Trosper respects and admires. This Anglo-American cooperation is quite rare in modern espionage fiction. In most British spy novels, the Americans are portrayed as barbarians addicted to technology and power for power's sake; Americans usually describe their British counterparts as effete snobs bound to their fading imperial past. But the Britons in *Cry Spy* are decent, honest, and hard-working fellows who don't earn enough money to buy well-made clothes; as Hood notes, "these days only rich foreigners could afford to dress like Englishmen."

Cry Spy has one major fault, a klutzy female assistant to Trosper who is probably the only woman in North America under the age of 35 with the first name Ida. Hood is clearly uncomfortable with this character; Ida Rowan stumbles, bumbles, and even fetches coffee during crucial interrogations. *Cry Spy* would have been a much stronger book if Trosper had had a male assistant or no assistant at all. This is not to say that women do not belong in intelligence; of course they do. Hood is simply better at portraying men. Having an implausible female character weakens an otherwise fine book.

Cry Spy provides a good deal of pleasure, not just in its plotting, but in its sly observations of the world of intelligence, and it firmly establishes William Hood as a major American spy novelist. □

FILM

Frissons from France

JOHN SIMON

IT IS UNUSUAL for an actress in a foreign-language film to be nominated for an Academy Award (leaving aside the artistic value of such an award, which I estimate at zero). But Isabelle Adjani has been so nominated for her portrayal of the eponymous heroine of ***Camille Claudel***. It is equally unusual for me to urge you to see what I consider a basically unsatisfactory movie, but in this case I do.

Camille Claudel was the elder sister of the poet Paul Claudel, a sculptress of considerable talent, for many years the disciple, collaborator, model, and mistress of the great sculptor Auguste Rodin. With him, she compromised her reputation in the eyes of many in turn-of-the-century France, including those of her coldly proper mother and selfish younger sister. She never lost the support of her father and brother; but the former died, and the latter, a career diplomat as well as poet, was usually far away. The much older Rodin, though in love with Camille, could not give up Rose Beuret, his common-law wife and mother of his son. Eventually, he and Camille broke up, she to set up on her own, evolve a more independent style, and become a recognized artist in her own right.

But she also became more unhinged and antisocial. Living alone in colossal disorder and refusing to see most people, she changed from an extremely pretty young woman into an overweight frump while still in her early thirties, and developed an all-consuming persecution complex. She was certain that Rodin, who in fact was trying to help her (anonymously) in every

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conceivable way, was behind a sinister plot—involving everyone from art critics to officialdom, and even her family—to deprive her of her right to work, to succeed, to live. In time, this paranoia became so intense that, the moment her father died, the family had the 48-year-old Camille committed. For her remaining thirty years, she who had been on the verge of major success no longer worked, and became a more and more pitiful blank, until she died in 1943.

Perhaps the saddest thing about madness, for both the victim and those who care, is that it is almost never complete. The confined person may have many periods of lucidity, suffer monstrously from sequestration among the insane, write heartbreakingly sensible letters, and become madder yet. Such was the case of Camille, one that cried out for memorializing and got it in the concise, intelligent, fair-minded biography by Reine-Marie Paris, Paul Claudel's granddaughter and Camille's grandniece. The film—for whose realization Isabelle Adjani had to fight for several years—was made from this book, with Mme Paris as consultant. It was directed and co-scripted by Bruno Nuytten, Mlle Adjani's former lover and the father of her child—an outstanding cinematographer but neophyte director—and Marilyn Goldin, a Philadelphian in Paris, who has done quite a bit of, somewhat esoteric, film-writing. They made a three-hour film that has been cut in America by half an hour.

Such cutting is disastrous. Anyone who'll sit through two and a half hours of subtitled film will not demur at three. If the film was an enormous hit in France and elsewhere, winning numerous French and other awards, why butcher it for America? There is no hard evidence that cutting has ever saved a film: good tends to be even better when there's more of it; bad is bad at any length. The cut version does virtually nothing with Camille's horrible final decades, which surely deprives us of the sense of the unutterable sadness of this life.

Even so, we are left with a film that, until the last part, holds our interest with its story, though not with its filmness (if I may coin a word). For in the case of a film biography, it behooves us to distinguish between the informational excitement and the aesthetic mediocrity. As a rather faithfully reported true story, *Camille Claudel* rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. The pacing, dialogue, and, above all, Gabriel Yared's vulgar and obtrusive music aren't good enough.

Isabelle Adjani would seem to be the ideal interpreter of Camille. Looking very much like that beautiful young artist—if anything, more attractive—she is also an actress of talent and temperament. Moreover, she has already excelled in a similar role, that of the protagonist in Truffaut's *The Story of Adèle H.* Finally, the story and role meant enough to her to fight long and hard to get them on screen. And indeed, much of the time Mlle Adjani is lively, volatile, impassioned, distraught, demented, as called for. But she also sports a slack, half-open, downward-slanting mouth virtually throughout. I've no idea whether she does this to suggest a disturbed creature, or because she thinks it is sexy, or because she has developed a tic douloureux. Whatever the reason, it makes Camille look slightly cretinous.

The other actors are mostly effective. Gérard Depardieu is a despotic, driven Rodin, lusty and saturnine in pungent conjunction. Alain Cuny, that problematic actor always a little too grand for whatever he is doing, is here a fittingly pompous yet loving father. The great Madeleine Robinson plays the mother with burning coldness; only Laurent Grevill seems somehow inchoate as brother Paul. In the small role of Mathias Morhardt, editor and art critic and Camille's first champion and biographer, the famed stage director Roger Planchon contributes a dazzling cameo. I do wish, though, that Nuytten had not allowed the middle-aged and semi-demented Camille to look as young and pretty as ever; but perhaps a mere director and ex-lover is powerless in such situations.

There is one further aspect of the film that makes it, for me, a must: the photography. When the director is himself a superb cameraman (do you recall, for example, *Jean de Florette* and *Manon of the Spring*?), he will find, as Nuytten did, an extraordinary cameraman: Pierre Lhomme; this is the best cinematography I have seen all year. Good camerawork must look both as beautiful and as true-to-life as possible, and not call undue attention to itself. It must, in short, be notable and unnoticed. And that is the miracle that Lhomme and Nuytten accomplish here.

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■ Although I am getting around to it only after it may have vanished from our screens, I must pay homage to the extraordinary ***Story of Women***. The title is a clumsy translation of *Une Affaire de femmes*, better rendered as *A Matter of Women* or *Women's Business*. Claude Chabrol's film, based on a true story, concerns Marie, a woman in Occupied France during World War II, lovelessly married and with two small children, who helps a married friend whose husband is in the war abort her adulterous baby. Soon abortion becomes for Marie a thriving business. As she sees it, she is saving marriages that would collapse if the returning warrior found a bastard in the nest. She is also keeping her own children well fed in a starving country.

Marie is turned in by an anonymous letter from her demobilized and demoralized husband, a surly, war-damaged man now at a measly job, whom, moreover, Marie is openly cuckolding with a very young ne'er-do-well, who treats her shabbily but whom she passionately loves. The Pétain government, wishing to prove its high moral standards to the occupying Germans, condemns Marie to death, despite a number of extenuating circumstances, such as her genuine love for her children and friends. This is the same government that allows countless French Jews to be deported to the death camps. Furthermore, as the first-rate script that Colo Tavernier O'Hagan wrote for and with Chabrol shows, Marie's children are the chief losers in this execution of dubious justice.

The main issue, then, is not so much private guilt as the horror of "making an example" of an easily reclaimable individual in order to whitewash a deeply compromised national honor. And the strength of the film lies, first of all, in the accuracy and acuteness with which the dreariness of life in the cold, rainy Occupied Zone is evoked. There is absolutely no grandstanding, no melodrama; everything is merely damp, cold, and bleak. Living—including actions that might be considered odious—is a matter of finding any way of being a little more than minimally alive.

In this, the film is greatly helped by all of its performances, and especially Isabelle Huppert's Marie. Mlle Huppert is that very rare actress who does not try in the least to ingratiate herself with either the camera or the audience. A decently average-looking woman, she is made of a clay infinitely moldable from within. She can play anything from plain to glamorous, simple to ultrasophisticated, in the most straightforward and pared-down way, depending neither on makeup nor on histrionics, but sheerly on understanding the role from the inside.

Remarkable, too, in his own way, is the young boy who plays Marie's elder child, aged seven or eight. A sad, homely little fellow, he knows how to be precocious without turning cute, wise without being showy. His relationship with his mother is superbly handled by both actors: a symbiosis made up in equal measure of love and despair. And Chabrol's direction displays a magisterial sense of rhythm, whereby dawdling (but never purposeless dawdling) imperceptibly gains speed and intensity, until, toward the end, the film moves forward in jagged lurches that heighten the sense of doom. Here, again, no false histrionics, only true feelings illuminated in lightning flashes. Thus Marie, awaiting death, is preoccupied only with

NOW SHOWING

Born on the Fourth of July was directed by the unlikable Oliver Stone, yet it is a gripping, unrelenting, and extremely powerful work. Its shortcomings evaporate from memory; its strengths are indelible. Tom Cruise is intense, searching, and altogether impressive as the bitter vet Ron Kovic, who turns from clean-cut hawk into hirsute hippie war protestor.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

Enemies: A Love Story strives relentlessly to combine sex with metaphysics. Regrettably, it crumbles, but Lena Olin is unforgettable as carnality incarnate.

Glory takes too many liberties with history, and depends on too many clichés or near-clichés. But it is worth watching for the performances of Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, and Morgan Freeman; consummate ensemble acting.

My Left Foot is a good, strong, unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. As Christy Brown, Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—John Simon

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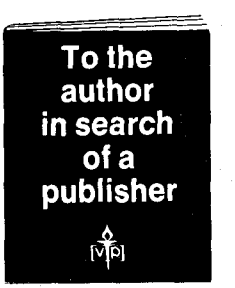

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whether the guillotine hurts. She accepts the injustice of her execution with a curious mixture of courage and stolidity, more moving than heroics.

The scenarist, by the way, is the ex-wife and frequent collaborator of that fine director Bertrand Tavernier, and an Irishwoman by birth. A fertile tradition links the Irish with the French; once again, it has borne fruit. □

DELECTATIONS

And a Bottle of Wine, Just in Case

NIKA HAZELTON

As I was fixing myself a salami sandwich the other day, it triggered the memory of another salami sandwich, that one eaten just before the birth of my first son.

I was spending the summer of my first pregnancy in Cerro, a tiny village near Laveno, right on the Lago Maggiore, northwest of Milan. My parents' villa there was heavenly, with nightingales and cuckoos in the bushes, and two elderly sheep with neatly combed wool from horns to tail. The custodian's wife did the sheep's *toilette* every day because she wanted them to be well-groomed. Better still, there was a slide from the terrace straight down into the warm water of the lake, where we swam merrily. The view was enchanting too, with the Monte Rosa massif in the distance, forming a backdrop for the lovely lake.

I was in Cerro because two rabbit tests at the University of Edinburgh had come out negative (I was getting larger, though), and my doctor in England felt that in case the baby was born dead I would be better off with my family. My then husband, Anthony, was with me also, but he was of little use because of a tropical disease he had picked up in Brazil, against which he had daily injections from a formidable, motorbike-riding nurse.

My pregnancy gave me no problems at all, except for my constant worry that I would never know when the real labor pains had begun, and therefore when I would need to leave for the clinic in Milan where the baby was to be born, nearly fifty miles away. We lived in the depths of the countryside, and our neighbors were simple peasant families, each with a raft of kids. For months I would ask any female with *bambino* I saw to tell me how to recognize a real labor pain. But I had no luck. The best any of them could do was to say: You'll know, *signora*; you will know!

I became increasingly anxious when the baby was late (he wound up being a month overdue), but the local doctor just laughed at my questions, and told me that I should have learnt to count properly.

One morning I woke up at the crack of dawn, totally famished. Leaving Anthony to his slumbers, I padded downstairs to the kitchen to make myself a salami sandwich. I believed that what I was feeling was hunger pangs, but the sudden breaking of the water as I was in the kitchen eating my sandwich told me that "my time had come" (I remembered this much from a book on pregnancy I had read). I had somehow to get to Milan and the *clinica*.

Fortunately, Anthony's sister—known to all as the Iron Lady—who was visiting us, had arranged for the local taxicab to take her to some distant sights that day. The cab came early, because the driver was reveling in his task of driving a bona-fide foreigner so far. He was dispatched instead to find the doctor and tell him what had happened, and soon we heard plaintive cries of "*Dottore*, the *signora inglese* needs you at once" echoing from the four corners of the countryside, where the doctor had gone to pay a few morning calls. The local women who by now were filling the house murmured to me, "Don't push! Don't push!" But I did not know what they meant . . .

When the doctor arrived he took one quick glance at me, demanded a clean sheet, a pair of scissors, and two large bottles, one filled with water and one with wine. He bundled Anthony and me into the taxicab, and, getting in himself, he yelled to the driver to go to Milan as quickly as possible.

My labor pains were now acute (and, yes, the local women were right; you will know), and between them, I fortified myself with swigs from the bottle of wine. I did not push, but even so we just barely made it to the *clinica* before the baby was born.

I will draw a tactful curtain on the next few hours, and say that my next memory is of sweltering under three heavy woolen blankets (Milan gets as hot as Washington, D.C., in July, but the nuns were afraid their patients might catch pneumonia), and a nun was giving me a horrible large drink of castor oil.

Anthony went to tell my father of the birth, and he came dutifully to look at the baby. My mother returned the next day from Switzerland, where she had gone to prepare herself for the happy event. Meantime, I was starving, since (apart from the daily castor oil) the *clinica* believed in giving only black coffee and broth to women who had just had a baby. Mercifully, though, the Mother Superior had decreed that any nun could change a baby boy's diapers (there had been some questions about propriety), so I did not have to worry about that.

As we were leaving the *clinica*, one of the nuns confided to me that the baby had been quietly baptized, just in case, which comforted me. But he proved to be healthy and grew up to be a big strong man, who lives in England and works with computers. □

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EVANS-PRITCHARD
(Continued from page 38)

the Sandinista Front is given a gun, sometimes two or three. People are constantly being shot in drunken brawls. A Canadian aid worker was blown up when a hand grenade fell out of her boyfriend's pocket. This kind of accident is pandemic.

There is also a vast military complex, with its own messianic, warrior cult. All senior and mid-ranking officers in the Sandinista Army are party members. The commander-in-chief is General Humberto Ortega, the brother of President Daniel Ortega. The interior ministry is run by the diminutive Tomás Borge, Godfather of Sandinismo, Leninist, and leader of the Prolonged Popular War faction of the Front. He controls the police and security forces, and has his own army, the Pablo Ubeda forces, officered by crack fighters who served under him as guerrillas before the revolution. Two weeks before the election Borge told the Sandinista newspaper, *Barricada*, that his men would not tolerate an UNO government.

They may not have to serve UNO. It looks as if Violeta Chamorro has agreed to play the role of phantom president, leaving intact the private armies and militias of the Sandinista Front. Humberto Ortega and Tomás Borge will have to go, of course, for the sake of appearances. But the colonels will remain. Mrs. Chamorro has accepted that the military apparatus of the Front constitutes the legitimate armed forces of the Republic of Nicaragua. The Sandinistas can make her swallow this because they know that she is a conciliator at heart, a kindly person, who is not going to unleash a full civil war by refusing to serve as president on these terms. They also know that she has no party to stiffen her resolve. UNO was nothing more than an electoral alliance. It has no political philosophy, and it is full of opportunists willing to make any deal in order to get their hands on the patronage of the state.

Despite a great deal of wishful thinking in Washington the Nicaraguan question has not been resolved. Left out of the equation is an army of ten thousand Contras, known here as the "cousins." Violeta Chamorro says they must disarm; James Baker says they must disarm; Daniel Ortega says they must disarm. Nobody can make them disarm, however. They are an alliance of semi-autonomous rebel regiments. On a recent trip through Jinotega province with a Contra guide I was taken to village after village in what amounts to a clan-based Contra republic. The peasants did not conceal their sympathies. Nor were they afraid to be seen with a foreigner. "There are no 'toads' [informers] here—this is a healthy zone," explained the guide. It is two years since Congress cut off military aid, yet the Contras have continued to hold their ground despite so many ill-informed predictions of their imminent demise. They have become an authentic insurgency, living off the land and fighting with captured ammunition. They are determined to struggle on alone if necessary.

The commander-in-chief, Israel Galeano ("Commander Franklin"), says that he will not send his men back to their villages only to be picked off by the same agents of the security apparatus who drove them into armed resistance in the first place. It would be madness. "We're going to wait a couple of months to see whether the promised changes take place, which we rather doubt," says Galeano. "We will not hand over our arms until we know for sure that the Sandinistas are going to give up power." The best solution would be total disarmament of both sides, done gradually under the auspices of the United Nations. The Contras would certainly accept this. The Sandinistas would certainly not. Yet it is the Contras who are being made to look intransigent. It appears that the United States is going to sell them down the river once again. Who knows? In six months' time American aid to President Chamorro may end up financing the counterinsurgency of the Sandinista People's Army.

The "cousins" are humble people. They are not led by slick intellectuals. They have never had rapport with the press. The world has called them losers ever since they started fighting eight years ago. But the "cousins" see things differently. They believe that they won the war, that the Sandinistas would never have agreed to hold supervised elections had it not been for the relentless pressure that they brought to bear. These peasants suffered terrible casualties giving the aristocratic Mrs. Chamorro a chance to re-establish the family dynasty. (Over the years the Chamorros have held the Nicaraguan presidency for almost as long as the Somozas.) Now her clique seems to consider them a nuisance. The "cousins" are only just beginning to understand the betrayal. If Secretary Baker really thinks the war is over in Nicaragua, he had better look again. □

SMITH & KUSHNER
(Continued from page 33)

taxes, and for reduced economic freedom.

In recent months, the television screens have shown dramatic scenes of environmental and economic disasters: dead elephants and fleeing East Germans. Free-marketeers note that the causes of these two disasters were the same: both the African ecology and the East German economy have been excluded from the world market. The failure of economic central planning has finally forced reform on Eastern Europe. That same inherent flaw will eventually force reform in the environmental field. Russians, Eastern Europeans, and Nicaraguans have learned that true prosperity is achieved not through the elimination, but through the encouragement, of private property. Americans, having provided the example, should not abandon the principle. □

GAZZANIGA
(Continued from page 44)

million in grants to cities with drug problems into creating jobs. It may be right. As I pointed out in my interview, drug use is three times as high among the unemployed as among the employed. Indeed, the steady drop in drug use over the last few years perfectly tracks the lowering rate of unemployment. This is a correlational observation, to be sure, the kind that runs rampant in social-policy discussions such as these. But it just may serve to remind all of us that we are all grasping at meager data. What is really needed is a serious national commission composed of trained scientists to examine this issue in full. If the government won't sponsor such an effort, perhaps the private sector should. Drugs use and abuse is too important an issue to be resolved with polemics. □

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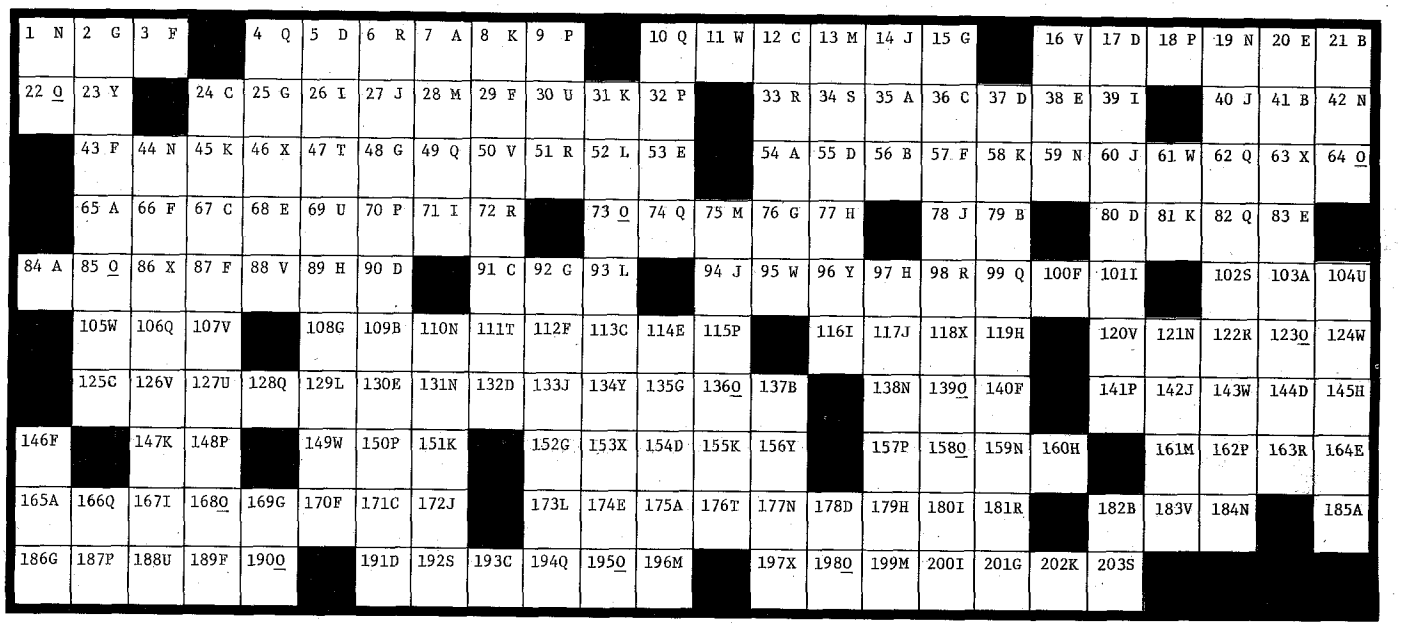
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Navy component — 84 103 185 65 35 175 7 54 165

B. Hempstead, N.Y., institution — 41 79 182 137 56 109 21

C. Verbal abuse — 36 125 67 171 24 91 12 193 113

D. New England state (2 words) — 154 80 5 178 144 17 191 132 55 37 / 90

E. Void — 83 114 174 20 53 130 68 38 164

F. Reference work — 140 189 170 146 100 112 66 87 3 29 / 57 43

G. New England state (2 words) — 169 201 152 2 48 76 108 15 92 135 / 25 186

H. Hot as Hades — 119 89 97 145 179 77 160

I. Not necessary — 167 71 116 26 180 39 101 200

J. Anti-immigrant — 14 60 78 133 94 142 172 40 117 27

K. Sports car (hyph.) — 147 31 58 155 45 81 151 8 202

L. Slaughter, in baseball — 93 52 129 173

M. Agena or Atlas — 199 13 161 28 75 196

N. Tempe institution (2 words) — 131 184 19 44 110 59 177 121 1 138 / 159 42

O. Worsens — 190 136 64 195 22 158 198 139 123 85 / 168 73

P. River in Wyoming — 187 70 141 18 148 157 115 9 162 32 / 150

Q. Curious — 194 99 166 10 62 4 128 106 49 82 / 74

R. Do a flyer's job — 163 51 6 122 181 33 72 98

S. Lots (slang) — 34 192 102 203

T. A tide — 176 111 47

U. "We deliver," e.g. — 69 30 127 104 188

V. Popular evening wear — 88 183 50 126 16 120 107

W. Hint — 105 124 143 61 95 11 149

X. Automatons — 46 153 197 86 118 63

Y. Small island — 156 23 96 134

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Was February 25 A 'Triumph'?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28

We do well to be jubilant about the election in Nicaragua, but we need to be careful about letting that blessed event generate incontinence in our faith in democracy.

To begin with, the event needs to be distinguished from what happened in Eastern Europe in the closing months of 1989. There one had popular uprisings whose success hung on the willingness of a Soviet dictator to let things go in the satellite states. We did not see democracy in action in Eastern Europe. We saw expressed a desire for home rule. Whether that home rule will evolutionize into constitutional democracy we simply do not know.

Contra leader Aristides Sánchez exclaimed about the 55 to 45 Nicaraguan vote in favor of Mrs. Chamorro against Ortega: "This is a triumph for the Nicaraguan people." Now: If the election in Nicaragua was fair, defined as an election in which people were free to vote as they wished, i.e., without fearing reprisals, then the question is fairly asked: Why should it be labeled a triumph for a people to reject a totalitarian alternative?

We must force ourselves to think hard about this. If democracy is a universally laudable political mechanism, then it must follow not necessarily that countries that engage in it will elect the "better" alternative as between two tolerable alternatives, but that they will reject an intolerable alternative. The Sandinistas stood for ten years for repression, censorship, confiscation of property, an end to a free press, subversion of religion, the financing of neighborhood revolutions, and state glorification, via their leader Ortega, of: Brezhnev, Andropov, Chernenko, Kim Il Sung, and Fidel Castro, to all of whom Mr. Ortega paid court. A reduction in the standard of living among Nicaraguans of about 50 per cent from what it had been under the dictator Somoza was merely one of the results. My question is: Why should a rejection of such a government constitute a "triumph" of the people?

On the other hand, if democracy doesn't catalyze the better instincts of a people when they face drastic polarizations between civilized and uncivilized alternatives, then why should we think of democracy as a magical solvent of that civic virtue that is latent in a republic? If People are Good, then democracy should permit that Goodness to express itself in republican institutions. If People are Bad, then democracy midwifes Badness in Government.

Ah, but perhaps the planted axiom of democracy-firsters is that the majority of the people are always Good?

But if that is so, we are entitled to ask ourselves, How do we arrive at this conclusion? Look at the "triumph" of Nicaragua. What is generally described as an overwhelming victory comes down to 55 people out of one hundred voting against the Sandinistas. How did the Sandinistas, accumulating such a record as they accumulated, destroying their economy as effectively as they did, worshipping such arrantly evil world leaders as they did, crank up 45 votes out of every one hundred? Does the survival of basic civil liberties rest on so precarious a footing? Is modern man supposed to be content in the knowledge that if he lives under a democracy, he has a 55 per cent chance of escaping life under a totalitarian dictator? If we had a 55 per cent chance of surviving a passage across a bridge, would we be as enthusiastic about the science of engineering as we have become about the practice of democratic politics? Wouldn't it have been seemlier to discuss the triumph of the Nicaraguan people if the Sandinistas had got 10 per cent of the vote, not 45, on the grounds that the human condition is such as to accustom us to a certain incidence of mental and spiritual disorder?

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The Nicaraguans (who, by the way, have some very tough days ahead of them, thanks to Sandinista accretions in such Nicaraguan institutions as the army, the justice department, the police, and education) have had a narrow escape. We have democracy to thank for marshaling the sanctions of the world to honor the verdict of February 25. But we must not lose sight of it, that we would have democracy to thank for marshaling the sanctions of the world to honor the verdict if the Sandinistas had won. □

Israel and the Right of Conquest

NEW YORK, MARCH 5

Israel has a way of driving its friends mad, which gives us some idea of what it does to its enemies. The latest is the imposition by Israel of censorship to cover the immigration of Soviet Jews into the West Bank.

Israel is engaged in breaking all the rules. You are not supposed to have censorship, except perhaps in case of war, and there are even doubts about that. You are not supposed to encourage immigration into lands that don't belong to you and that you once pledged to return to their owners. You are not supposed to engage in rank imperialism, which is what one tends to call a situation in which seventy thousand Jews are governing a territory in which 1.7 million Palestinians live without an effective vote. The irradiations of these policies make diplomats weep. The long, painfully constructed highway toward a "peace" conference with the Palestinians, over which successive secretaries of state have labored, seems now riddled with potholes, strewn with barbed wire. James Baker has said in that flat-out Texan voice that unless Israel begins to behave on the policy of swooping up Russian Jewish refugees and planting them down in the West Bank, the policy of the United States toward Israel is going to *change*! The leaders of several European nations are throwing up their hands in despair. Israel responds by saying, We have no public policy on where the Russian Jewish settlers go. It is true that among those Jews who are already settled in the West Bank and who desperately desire ethnic and religious com-

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pany there is a great appetite for more settlers. These West Bankers are luring Russian Jews into the West Bank by promising them what most Russian refugees most greatly need: economic help. They are being promised cheap apartments, low interest rates, and presumably free nets to protect themselves against the rocks and stones which are the gruel of the Intifada. The current estimate is that one hundred thousand Jewish settlers from Russia will come in before the end of the year, and a half-million in the next few years. If the first estimate is correct, Jewish settlement of the West Bank will more than double in a single year. It would be appropriate to build a Wailing Wall for the Camp David Accords.

Several things are clear. The first is that neither of the two preponderant parties in Israel is likely to recall the settlers. To speak as though this is a possibility is on the order of speaking as though it were a possibility that Jerusalem would be internationalized. It is not going to happen. Equally clear is that the United States Congress is not going to boycott Israel. Her friends are too powerful politically. Even to permit yourself, if you are in Congress, 15 seconds to deliberate a question involving aid to Israel makes you the target of give-no-quarter AIPAC, the American–Israel Public Affairs Committee, as Senator John Chafee discovered in the last election when he was pursued for saying something on the order of "Palestinians are people too."

Short of the Palestinians deciding on a mass conversion to Judaism, it seems to this observer that the only thing for Israel to do is straight annexation of the West Bank, along the lines of the annexation of the Golan Heights. To declare, simply, that by the right of conquest, the West Bank is theirs and therefore it follows that everyone who lives and works there is a guest of the government of Israel. The 1967 war was initiated by Jordan and was won triumphantly by Israel: from which it follows that it is entitled, if it chooses, to hang on to conquered territory.

To take this position, granted, is to take a position like that of South Africa (to which Israel does not wish to be compared), taken also by Hitler and Stalin when they divided up Poland. But it is also to take a position like that of the United States, 100 per cent of whose territory can be said to have become ours in virtue of the law of conquest. Indians and Mexicans know the strategic penalty of losing wars.

Tough to go out there and declare this as policy, but in a way wonderfully refreshing, dissipating as it would current ambiguities and hypocrisies. There would be the firestorm, of course. But at the same time, the kind of strategic composure that comes from the knowledge that that is the way things are, and we had all better get used to it. □

The Sin of Andy Rooney

NEW YORK, MARCH 2

The general fuss raised by the suspension of Andy Rooney by CBS has eliminated any mention, that I have seen, of a letter Mr. Rooney wrote to *The Advocate*, which is the gay journal he claims misquoted him with reference to blacks and the "watering down" of intelligence by excessive births among the least intelligent. Mr. Rooney says he didn't say anything of the sort, and if there has been an inquiry into the subject, its results are as yet unpublicized. What the storm has centered upon is the suspension of Rooney from *60 Minutes* because of something he did say in an interview with *The Advocate*.

Lots of editorials have been written about on the one hand the right of Mr. Rooney to express his "opinion," on the other hand the mandate recognized in civil communities to be sensible of and sensitive to the feelings of minorities. The two directives can co-exist, and should, though there is obviously a point at which one or the other has to yield. If I were a tobacco grower I would be sensitive to charges that I was a mass-murderer, but either I'd have got used to it by now or else I'd have had to leave tobacco-growing for another trade.

So that the gravamen of the case against CBS is that it has interfered with the right of Mr. Rooney to his "opinions." But here is what he indisputably said on television:

"There was some recognition in 1989 of the fact that many of the ills which kill us are self-induced: too much alcohol, too much food, drugs, homosexual unions, cigarettes. They're all known to lead quite often to premature death." Now those two sentences aren't opinions. They are as factual as that winter follows the fall. If it is merely an opinion, which might be false, that "too [many] homosexual unions . . . lead quite often to premature death," then the medical, scientific, and sociological communities have engaged in the greatest deception in the history of pathology.

Now this last is not the point made by Mr. Rooney in his letter to *The Advocate*. He begins by saying that it happens that he does "not consider homosexuality to be normal." He recognizes there are different points of view on the question but says his is one of the two points of view and asks, "Is this evil of me?"

And then: "I find the popular argument that it is the AIDS virus, not homosexuality, that kills, to be spurious. It's the same argument the gun-control lobby uses when it says it is criminals, not guns, that kill. The intelligent gay community has drastically reduced the incidence of HIV with what it calls 'safe sex.' . . . I have a friend who, for many years, was one of the principal apologists for the tobacco industry. His logic was much the same too. He argued that it was lung cancer, not tobacco, that kills. It annoyed my friend that anyone would infer a direct connection between smoking and lung cancer, just as it annoys homosexuals to have people like myself deduce that homosexuality often leads to death by AIDS."

And a few paragraphs later Andy Rooney, mollifier, apologizes, sort of. "I'm genuinely sorry that homosexuals found the broadcast offensive, because it was not my intention to offend them. It was not my intention to make their already difficult gay life any more difficult. I'll be more careful."

No doubt he will be. When in 1964 presidential candidate Barry Goldwater was asked how might traffic down the Ho Chi Minh Trail be interdicted, he commented that one suggestion being considered by the Pentagon was defoliation of a section of the trail by nuclear artillery, causing an impenetrable radioactive wall. He added, "I don't think I'd go for that." The headlines the following day referred to his advocacy of nuclear war in Vietnam. I wrote him on that occasion to say that it would probably be a good idea for him never to utter the word "nuclear" except when preceded by the words, "I hate . . ." or "Let's abolish . . ." By the same token, anyone who works for CBS, or for that matter a proliferating number of employers, including the voters, had better get used to refusing to use the word "AIDS" unless preceded by, "Innocent victims of . . ." or, "We need more public money to fight . . ." Some day, perhaps a century down the line, historians may reason that Andy Rooney was not making statements inherently more antagonistic to homosexuality than he was to alcohol, food, cigarettes, or drugs. Unless, a century hence, historians are all working for CBS. □

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OFF THE RECORD

■ Is Cato the only one who senses something missing in the celebrations here of Violeta Chamorro's stunning electoral victory in Nicaragua? The Reagan Doctrine, for example. Sources say that at a White House meeting between President Bush and the bipartisan congressional leadership (including chairmen and ranking GOP members of important committees) just two days after Mrs. Chamorro's upset, the Gipper was barely mentioned, let alone praised.

Instead, says our source, the Democrats spent their time kissing an unmentionable part of the anatomy of both Secretary of State James Baker and Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs Bernard Aronson. The line was that it was their policy that led to the victory of Mrs. Chamorro's UNO coalition. Partly this is true. But it is a curious view of U.S. policy toward Central America that doesn't start until 1989.

By contrast, at the weekly Senate GOP policy lunch later that same day, Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.) told the assembled senators that he had called President Reagan himself to thank him for helping force the Sandinistas into the elections by supporting the Contras (in the teeth of, among other things, resistance from a Democratic Speaker of the House who was actively giving Comandante Ortega instructions on how to get around U.S. foreign policy). Then, Senator John McCain (R., Ariz.) did something never before done at a policy lunch, he proposed a toast to President Reagan and Mrs. Chamorro. This time it was Mr. Bush's turn to go unmentioned.

■ Then again, maybe Senator Dole was trying to redeem himself for all the mischief he caused with his bid to make April 24 a day of remembrance of the "Armenian Genocide of 1915–23." The bill was recently withdrawn when it failed even to get put on the Senate agenda, but not before it had strained relations between the U.S. and Turkey, which under supply-sider Turgut Ozal happens to be one of America's most important allies. Indeed, for years Uncle Sam has used Turkey as a critical listening post for both Iran and the USSR; Turkish troops are the largest non-American contingent in NATO, not to mention the U.S. bases in Turkey. All this was threatened by the Dole measure.

So why would the U.S. Senate be so interested in a massacre that did not involve America, and the official commemoration of which would deeply offend a key ally? The genesis of this particular effort goes back to World War II, when a young Captain Robert Dole returned home with two Purple Hearts, a Bronze Star, and severe wounds. The doctor who stitched him back together was Armenian, and the senator has been grateful ever since. We're not against good manners, but that sort of gratitude is better expressed privately than on the floor of the U.S. Senate.

■ It turns out that Cato was right in his earlier suspicion about Secretary of State Baker. This particular suspicion had to do with Mr. Baker's willingness to accommodate Great Britain in its attempt to deny refugee status to the Vietnamese boat people in camps in Hong Kong and force them back to the land whence they fled. This, of course, runs contrary to the Bush Administration's resolute stance against forced repatriation, which the President spelled out in an October 13 address to a meeting of the Asian-American Voters Coalition here.

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Despite this, elements in Secretary Baker's shop were busy putting together a deal with Whitehall that would have the U.S. remove its objections to forced repatriation after a year of trying voluntary repatriations that were doomed to fail. How the President would explain this to the Asians he is trying to woo into the Republican Party—particularly in critical states like California—is not something State worries about when it goes around reversing White House policy. But Cato hears that at a meeting of Republican House leaders with the secretary, Representatives Henry Hyde (R., Ill.) and Duncan Hunter (R., Calif.) expressed themselves "vigorously" on the subject. The result? Look forward to a Republican initiative to call a new conference that would cut out the United Nations and aim to settle the refugees in the United States and Europe.

■ Last, at a meeting of old Asia hands at the Heritage Foundation, retired General Richard Stilwell—the most experienced Asia hand of them all—showed no signs of just fading away. He predicted that the Japanese would revise their antiwar constitution (or, as he put it, "revise their interpretation") so that they could start exporting arms as well as participating in various peace-keeping exercises around the world. He also predicted that during Mikhail Gorbachev's trip to Tokyo next year, the Soviet leader will return the group of northern islands the USSR has occupied since World War II, the major sticking point in relations between the Soviets and the Japanese.

In general, the general was optimistic about the future of a part of the world he did so much to shape, with one notable exception. "The prospect of a hostile, Communist-dominated Philippines scares the hell out of me because of its strategic importance," he said. "I for one will be willing to invade the Philippines to prevent the Communist flag from flying there." MacArthur, thou shouldst be living at this hour. —CATO

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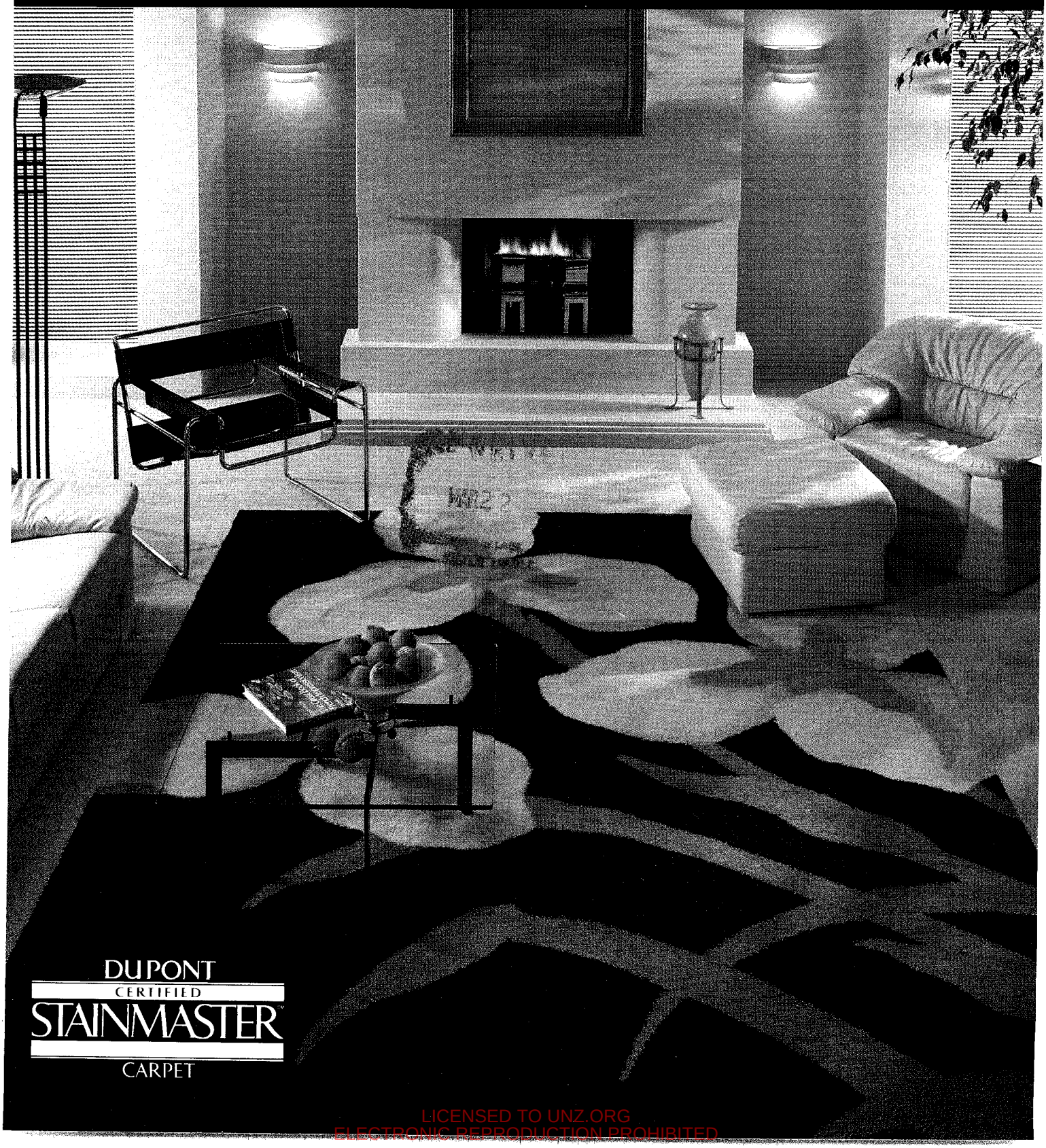

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